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Mothers in Israel.

Among the thousands of great and noble women who have assisted in laying the foundations of this Chruch, the Mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith stands out pre-eminent and glorious. She is the great modern Mother in Israel. She accepted the Prophet's mission from the very first moment that she heard it, she rendered obedience to every revealed law, during her life, she reverenced her husband and her prophet-son, Joseph, and after his martyrdom, she still gave her full support and allegiance to Brigham Young and the Twelve Apostles, as shown in the testimony which accompanies this article.

"Mother" Smith, as she was lovingly called, was a dominating figure in any assemblage where she happened to be. She was commanding in appearance, keen in tellect, dignified and gracious in manner, and she loved the sick, the poor, and the unfortunate, with an abiding tenderness. She was the soul of hospitality and generosity. Together with her noble husband, she ministered to all who came for help or shelter 'neath their generous roof-tree. When young people came into her presence, they often kneeled before her as they spoke to her, so beautiful was the spirit which shone from her dark and glowing eyes.

We give the following sketch of her life, taken in extracts from Jenson's *Biographical Dictionary*—a book, by the way, which ought to be in every Relief Society library:

"Lucy Smith, mother of Joseph Smith the Prophet, was born July 8, 1776, at Gilsum, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, the daughter of Solomon Mack and Lydia Gates. Lucy was the youngest of eight children, four of whom were girls * * *

"Lucy profited by the talents and virtues of her mother. Jan. 24, 1796, she was married to Joseph Smith, and received from her brother, Stephen Mack, and John Mudget, his partner, in busi-

ness, a marriage present of $1,000. Her husband owned a good farm at Tunbridge, on which they settled. The fruits of this marriage were seven sons—Alvin, Hyrum, Joseph, Samuel H., Ephraim, William and Don Carlos; and three daughters—Sophronia, Catherine and Lucy. In 1802, Lucy Smith, with her husband, moved to Randolph, Vermont, where they opened a mercantile establishment. * * * After four years had elapsed, they removed to Manchester. In the alternate scenes of adversity and prosperity, the subject of religion was a constant theme with both Mr. and Mrs. Smith, though the former never subscribed to any particular sect. Both were occasionally favored of the Lord with dreams or visions of the approaching work which was about to commence on the earth, and which prepared them for the mission of their son Joseph, and the important part they were destined to take in it. Lucy Smith and several of her children joined the Presbyterian body, in the year 1819, but after Joseph had received the first visitation of the angel, and had communicated the matter to his parents, she manifested intense interest in it, and from that time her history became identified with the mission of her son. She and her husband were baptized in April, 1830, and she removed to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1831, with the first company of Saints, where she rejoined her husband who had previously gone there in company with his son Joseph * * *

"Later Brother Smith removed his family to Quincy, Illinois, to which place most of the Saints had previously fled, and in common with them suffered the hardships and privations which characterized the extermination from Missouri. From Quincy the family removed to Commerce (Nauvoo), where Brother Smith, after blessing his children individually, closed his earthly career Sept. 4, 1840. Mother Smith was thus left a widow, worn out with toil and sorrow, her house having been filled with sick like a hospital from the time of the expulsion from Missouri. * * *

"From the time of the removal of the Church to the Rocky Mountains until her death, which occurred in Nauvoo, Ill., May 5, 1855, she mostly resided with her youngest daughter, Lucy Miliken, excepting the last two years, when she resided with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Bidamon, widow of her son Joseph."

We close this little memoir with the following firm testimony which should be read by every woman in this Society:

Extract from President Brigham Young's Office Journal.

Remarks of "Mother" Smith, given in the General Conference in Nauvoo, Oct. 8, 1845:

Mother Lucy Smith, the aged and honored parent of Joseph Smith, having expressed a wish to say a few words to the congregation, she was invited upon the stand. She spoke at considerable

length, and in an audible manner, so as to be heard by a large portion of the vast assembly.

She commenced by saying that she was truly glad that the Lord had let her see so large a congregation. She had a great deal of advice to give, but Brother Brigham Young had done the errand, he had fixed it completely. There were comparatively few in the assembly who were acquainted with her family. She was the mother of eleven children, seven of whom were boys. She raised them in the fear and love of God, and never was there a more obedient family. She warned parents that they were accountable for their children's conduct; advised them to give them books and work to keep them from idleness; warned all to be full of love, goodness and kindness, and never to do in secret, what they would not do in the presence of millions. She wished to know of the congregation, whether they considered her a mother in Israel—(upon which President B. Young said; all who consider Mother Smith as a mother in Israel, signify it by saying yes!—One universal "yes" rang throughout). She remarked, that it was just eighteen years since Joseph Smith the prophet had become acquainted with the contents of the plates; and then, in a concise manner, she related over the most prominent points in the early history of her family; their hardships, trials, privations, persecutions, sufferings, etc.; some parts of which melted those who heard her to tears, more especially the part relating to a scene in Missouri, when her beloved son Joseph was condemned to be shot in fifteen minutes, and she by prodigious efforts was enabled to press through the crowd to where he was, and to give him her hand; but could not see his face; he took her hand and kissed it; she said, let me hear your voice once more, my son; he said God bless you, my dear mother! She gave notice that she had written her history, and wished it printed before we leave this place. She then mentioned a discourse once delivered by Joseph, after his return from Washington, in which he said that "he had done all that could be done on earth to obtain justice for their wrongs; but they were all, from the President to the Judge, determined not to grant justice. "But," said he, "keep good courage, these cases are recorded in heaven, and I am going to lay them before the highest court in heaven. "Little," said she "did I then think he was so soon to leave us, to take the case up himself. And don't you think this case is now being tried? I feel as though God was vexing this nation a little, here and there, and I feel that the Lord will let Brother Brigham take the people away. Here, in this city, lay my dead; my husband and children; and if so be the rest of my children go with you, (and I would to God they may all go) they will not go without me; and if I go, I want my bones brought back in case I die away, and deposited with my husband and children."

WITHIN THE LOCKET

My Love, those severed tresses from thy brow,
Lie as a frame around thy pictured face,
And powerless the future years are now,
The white of age upon that black to trace.
That braided darkness on thy brow that's been,
In days to come will tell the present truth,
That severed hair shall keep its raven sheen,
To tell with that sweet face of thy rich youth.

Upon this locket, tears I've often shed,
Where face and tresses lie in purest gold,
In kisses on that hair my lips hath fed,
And on that face that time shall not make old—
O now that beauty here before me lies,
To meet again my lips and feast mine eyes!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE

Ma's New Year's Resolutions.

By Elsie C. Carroll.

It was New Year's Eve, as the front door closed after the "young folks" were off to the dance, Ma turned wearily to her own unattractive room. Pa had gone to a Board meeting and the younger boys, Jimmy and Fred, were at a barn party, while ten-year-old Maudie, the baby, had gone to sleep with Nellie Burke across the street.

Ma suddenly realized that she was alone in the house, and its stillness seemed strange to her. She could scarcely remember ever having been alone since Mary Louise was born, twenty-four years ago. It struck her queerly, all at once, that she would really enjoy being alone once in a while,—only tonight she was too tired to enjoy anything.

The week of holidays just ending had been unusually hard for her. Perhaps it was because the children were all getting older and demanded more in the way of amusement. Before Christmas there had been the hurry and worry of getting the girls new dresses all done in time for the first party. There had been four to make this year, Maudie having insisted that she needed her's just as much as the older girls did. Then there had been the Christmas dinner. Pa had invited a couple of men from the experiment farm over at G., and Frank had brought a college chum home from P., and Nettie's gentleman friend came down from Salt Lake, and, of course, there were Mary Louise and Ben and their babies.

After that there had been house parties and skating parties and sleigh-riding picnic parties, until Ma felt like she had been baking cake and spreading sandwiches and stuffing chickens for an age.

Today had been the most crowded day of all. There had been the Relief Society Charity Bazaar, in the morning to help arrange, the New Year's dinner to plan and partially prepare, and it had been her turn to see after sick old Granny Walker. Then, the new little Mrs. Gurdy, who had just moved to town and lived down the block, had sent for her to come and see if she thought her baby was going to cut a tooth. The girls had been extra "fussy" about their dresses. Nettie's sash had to be pressed the last minute before the party, and Mabel's hair wouldn't go right, and Lizzie discovered an ugly snag in her petticoat that had to be mended. Frank couldn't find his collar buttons, and Pa had lost a report he had to take to the Board meeting.

But they were all gone now and she could go to bed and *rest*, if she couldn't sleep until they were all safely tucked in.

Ma switched on the light and turned to the old-fashioned bureau to undo her hair.

Perhaps it was the unusualness of being alone, or it may have been Ma's utter weariness, or again it may have been the hovering spirit of the New Year pulsing with the breath of woman's rights, that turned Ma's thoughts into such an unfrequented channel. At any rate, no matter what the cause, Ma, for the first time in a quarter of a century, began thinking of herself.

Curiously she studied the image looking back at her from the mirror. Why, it was an old care-worn woman, with weary eyes and lined features, dull, grey hair and drooping shoulders. It was *her image* and she—why, she was not yet forty-five years old. Ma stared and stared, and that peculiar kink, which had somehow got into her brain and directed her attention selfward, sent a million new thoughts speeding through her mind. In panoramic procession she saw the days and months and years she had toiled and sacrificed for others. It had been *always* for others; her husband, her children, her neighbors. It had always been their health and comfort and pleasure she had considered,—never her own. Why, she was a *slave* in *deepest bondage!* A great wave of self-pity surged over Ma and crimsoned her sallow cheeks. She had given her all, and what had she received in return?

Her daughters' rooms were cosy and inviting; hers was furnished with discarded pieces from the rest of the house. Her daughters wore dainty gowns, and their finger nails were pink and shiny, and their skin was soft and smooth and smelled of delicate cream, and their hair was thick and glossy. They had time to read magazines and to entertain their friends. A fierce envy of her own daughters took possession of Ma. She longed almost savagely for the things they possessed and she did not have. Why should she be a drudge, a slave for the rest of the family?

At that moment the spirit of the New Order of Things hovered a little nearer and breathed rebellion into Ma's soul.

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At ten o'clock Jimmy and Fred returned from the barn party and were surprised at not finding Ma up waiting for them. Thinking she must have gone to Mary Louise's to see how the baby's ear-ache was, they went up stairs to bed. At eleven o'clock Pa returned from the Board meeting. He was a little put out at not finding Ma and his bowl of steaming milk waiting for him.

"Must have been called in by some of the neighbors," Pa muttered a bit ill-humoredly, as he prepared for bed.

At twelve o'clock the girls and Frank stole in and lunched

cautiously in the pantry, congratulating themselves on their unusual success in not waking Ma.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning Pa awoke with a start. Why, it was broad daylight and he had not heard Ma get up. Then he remembered that he had not heard her come to bed either. Some of the neighbors must be pretty sick to keep her all night. Or maybe she was in the kitchen now getting breakfast. He usually heard her when she was starting the fire, if he didn't wake when she got up. He would go in and find out who was sick.

But the kitchen was still and cold. Pa crossed to the range a little out of sorts to think that Ma would neglect her own family for the neighbors.

He stopped still and stared. There on the teakettle was a letter addressed to him—in Ma's handwriting. Pa had scarcely seen that handwriting in twenty-five years, and a dull premonition crept over him. He tore open the envelope and took out a closely written sheet which he carried to the window the better to make it out. What could it mean? Where in the world could Ma be? Why had she written him a letter? Pa's features twitched with varying emotions as he read:

"Dear John and Children: I've gone to the city to spend New Year's. I ain't had a trip since I can remember; I ain't been to Salt Lake City since I was married. Cousin Jane's invited me nearly every year, too, so I decided to go. I didn't have any money of my own, so I took fifteen dollars out of your safety box, John. I figured that I'd help to earn it if anybody had. I didn't have any decent clothes—I ain't had, for years and years—so I took your grey silk, Nettie, and your brown suit and hat, Lizzie, and some gloves and a veil of yours, Mabel. I took your new suit case, Frank, and Jimmie's thermo bottle and Fred's last magazine. Maudie, I borrowed your mesh bag and a couple of handkerchiefs.

"Maybe you'll all think I've lost my senses, but I ain't; I've just found them, and I made a New Year's resolution that I'd use them, after this.

"Lots of love, and a happy New Year to you all, from

MA."

Pa read the letter over for the third time before he was able to sense in the least what it all meant.

Ma gone to the city—? why, what in the world!—did she want to!—and taken money from the safety box!—Why—he'd have to miss the farmer's convention next week, may be—Why, Ma to—do a thing like that! What—what—could it mean? He read the letter again, and his own heart began to tell him what it meant. With trembling fingers, at last, he laid the sheet on the kitchen table and stood staring vacantly out of the window through a sort of mist. Before him flashed a panorama similar to the one Ma had seen the night before, and for the first time in

his life, Pa, who had always considered himself a model husband, father and citizen, told himself he was a blind brute. The cords in his throat tightened and the mist before his eyes grew more dense.

No wonder she had revolted! The only wonder was that she had stood it so long.

At last he turned from the window and mechanically kindled the fire. How cold and empty the house seemed! And Ma—what if something should happen to her and she should never come home! He whisked out his handkerchief and blew his nose (a man's method of trying to conceal emotion), as he resolved to catch the first train to the city to find her.

He went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Nettie,—Lizzie,—Mabel,—Frank,—all of you come down, quick!"

It was always Ma's voice that roused the sleepers in the morning, so that this unusual summons from Pa, together with a peculiar huskiness in his voice, brought a chorus of "What is it, Pa? What's the matter? Where's Ma?" and soon the whole family were gathered in the kitchen reading Ma's New Year's resolution with varying expressions of surprise and dismay. Be it said to their credit that not one member of that selfish family showed the least resentment. They had been blind, and now their eyes were suddenly opened, and they beheld Ma as a sacrificing angel and themselves as unworthy ingrates. They were all united in one thought: How to make amends?

As they sat over a hurried breakfast of scorched toast, unsalted cereal, and leathery omelet,—the effort of untrained hands,—they discussed the situation freely.

"I don't blame her a bit," declared Nettie. "The only wonder is that she hasn't done it long ago."

"But—but will—she e-v-e-r—come back?" whimpered Maudie.

"Of course, she'll come back. Pa's goin' after 'er," consoled Jim.

"The question is, can we make it up to her for all our selfishness when she does come back, so she'll want to stay," put in Frank.

"Well, we'll all be found—trying," assured Lizzie, with a catch in her voice.

"It just makes me sick to think what we've been doing and didn't have sense enough to know it," added Mabel.

"Well, she's going to have the best in this house from now on, if I have my way," Nettie resolved. "I've just been in her room. No wonder she ran away. There isn't one pretty thing in it—just old cast-offs. If we girls don't transform it before night, I'm mistaken."

"And we're going to take turns getting up in the mornings

and getting breakfast and take all the responsibility and worry of the house work off from her shoulders," put in Lizzie.

"And we're goin' t' chop all the wood an' do all our chores without her naggin' a bit, ain't we, Jim?" promised Fred.

"And I'm not goin' to have all the kids in town come here every day an' tease to have little dinners and dress up and things," agreed Maudie.

"And I'm going to take her to all the good lectures and concerts and—baseball games," vowed Frank.

"And I'm going to see that she has a bank account of her own and dresses and hats and things so she won't have to—borrow next time she goes to the city," said Pa, who had sat an interested listener to all the New Year's resolutions being resolved. "And I'm going to see that the next time isn't twenty-five years from now either." He pushed back his chair and arose from the table. It was almost time for the train. "I hope, children, we'll all remember these New Year's resolutions we've just made," he added, as he put on his coat and hat.

* * * * * * * * * * *

And what of Ma?

She had boarded the evening train bravely enough, but within an hour her feelings were changed considerably. Slowly the realization came to her that all she had suffered had been through no one's fault but her own. Her family's blind selfishness had been fostered through her own training. She had assumed all the hardships and drudgery, when it had been her duty, for her own good, and the good of the other members of the family, to see that each member shared a part. They were simply as her training—or lack of training—had made them, and now she was inflicting upon them a pnnishment she herself deserved. What would they think of her anyhow—John and her children? Her lips began to quiver as she turned to the window and realized how fast she was being borne away from them.

She longed to fly back; to tear that foolish letter into shreds before anyone found it. She wanted to go up the old stairs and pass with noiseless step from room to room, tucking the covers about each dear sleeping form, and breathing a soft prayer above each head, as she had done through all the years; then she wanted to go back down and creep into her own warm bed beside John. Her John, who had given her such a good home, and who had always been such a kind father to their children, and who was such an indispensable member of the community. What would *he* think? Oh, what had possessed her to do so wild a thing? If only there were a way to get back, but she was miles away, and there was no returning train until the next morning.

At last the engine puffed into Salt Lake City. Ma got off with the crowd. She felt dazed, and more wretched than ever.

This was not the place she had visited so often in her girlhood? She had no idea which way to go to find Cousin Jane's. Besides, now she wouldn't have Cousin Jane know what she had done, for worlds.

She stood for a few moments in the pushing crowd, sensing the keenest pangs of homesickness. Presently she noticed a hotel across the street. She would go there and get a room and take the early train back home.

Most of the night Ma lay miserably awake, making New Year's resolutions, vastly different to the one which had brought her to the city.

The next morning she hurried across to the station to wait for her train.

She sat watching the hands of the station clock, counting the minutes until she would be home again, when someone paused beside her. She looked up.

"John!" she cried unsteadily, as she rose to her feet.

"Mary Louise!" he answered, taking both her hands and looking long into her face, then he went on:

"I've come to spend New Year's with you. Shall we go to Cousin Jane's for dinner, or would you rather go to some nice hotel, and to a good matinee afterwards?"

She looked at him searchingly, for a moment, then she answered with a quavering voice:

"I'd—rather go—home, John, to—the children!"

GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

When the Twelve, or any other witnesses, stand before the congregations of the earth, and they preach in the power and demonstration of the Spirit of God and the people are astonished and say: "That man has preached a powerful sermon"—then let the man take care that he does not ascribe the glory to himself but be careful that he is humble and ascribe the praise and glory to God and the Lamb; for it is by the power of the Holy Priesthood and the Holy Ghost that he has power thus to speak.

"What art thou, O man, but dust? And from whence camest thou?"

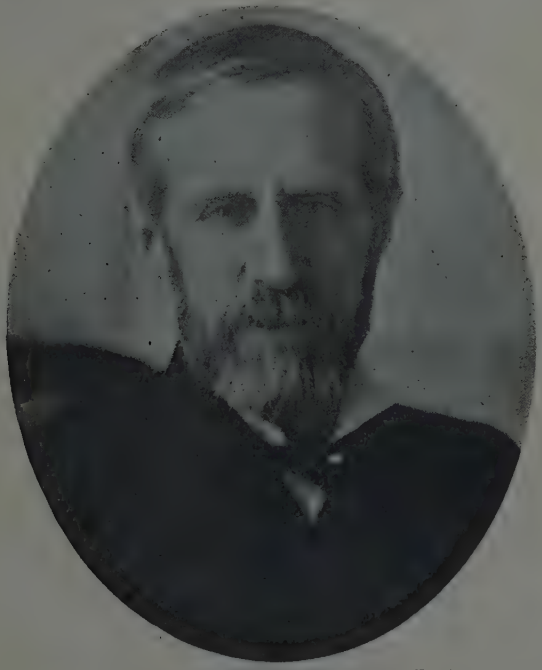
—Sayings of the Prophet from Vol. III, *Church History*.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen in Utah.

The people of this State have had the pleasure of a call from Lord and Lady Aberdeen who are making a tour of the United Sstates in the interest of their Irish philanthropies.

Lord Aberdeen has been Vice-regent in Ireland for ten years or more, and Lady Aberdeen has organized several charitable and philanthropic societies for the betterment of the poorer classes in that unhappy country. She has erected a hospital for the consumptive children, which still lacks several thousand dollars to pay for the expense incurred. The war has interfered with their own sources of income, and with the usual charitable sources which they have drawn upon, for the buidling up of these philanthropic institutions. It is for this purpose, that they have undertaken this trip.

Lady Aberdeen is President of the International Council of



THE MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.

Women, and the General Board of the Relief Society felt it wise to co-operate with a committee of prominent women in looking after the lecture and entertainment of these distinguished visitors.

They spoke in Provo on December 9th, and returned to Salt Lake on the 10th, where a reception was tendered them by the ladies of Salt Lake City, in the Hotel Utah. The Governor of the State, with his Staff, entertained the Aberdeens at dinner in the Alta Club, the evening of the 10th, and then adjourned to the Theatre, the whole party occupying the stalls for that occasion, witnessing the performance of Walter Whitesides' "In the Melting Pot."

On Saturday, December 11th, an elegant luncheon was given for the titled visitors in the Hotel Utah, 250 ladies sitting down to the tables, which were decorated with shamrock and flowers. This was acknowledged to be the most brilliant affair ever given in the State by women. The menu cards were unique and beautiful, and contained a picture of Her Ladyship, with pictures of the Temple

THE MARCHIONESS ISHBEL ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.

and the Hotel itself. They also contained the menu and the program of toasts and speeches, which were as follows:

Mrs. Heber M. Wells, Chairman,
Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Toastmistress.

Address of Welcome.....Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells
Response .....Lady Aberdeen
Peace.....Mrs. F. M. McHugh
Women in Philanthropy.....Miss Kate Williams
Club Women in Civic Affairs.....Mrs. W. F. Adams
Future Posisbilities.....Mrs. C. H. McMahon

Executive Committee.

Dr. Emmeline B. Wells, Honorary Chairman,
Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Chairman.

Mrs. Heber M. Wells	Mrs. Clarissa S. Wililams
Mrs. Sol. Siegel	Mrs. Amy B. Lyman
Mrs. C. H. McMahon	Mrs. C. W. Nibley
Mrs. A. J. Gorham	Mrs. Janette A. Hyde
Mrs. Thomas Kearns	Mrs. F. S. Richards
Mrs .W. F. Adams	Mrs. Richard W. Young
Miss Lucile Francke	Mrs. George F. Stiehl

Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne.

All who were present at the luncheon had their programs signed by the Countess herself, as a little souvenir of the occasion.

The Countess was indisposed most of the time she was in the State. Elaborate preparations had been made in Logan and Ogden for receptions and banquets, which were attended by the Earl, but which the Countess herself was unable to reach. She suffered with the grippe, which has been so prevalent in this section, during the last three weeks. But she was delighted with the hospitality shown here here, and remarked to the Chairman of the Committee, as she was leaving for Ogden, that Utah had really surpassed any other state in the quality of its hospitality, and in the splendid arrangements which had been made everywhere for their comfort and entertainment. She said she would never forget the women of this State, nor of this Church. She was particularly delighted with our honored president—Emmeline B. Wells—and paid her the charming compliment of initiating her into the Clan Gordon, by wrapping about her shoulders the tartan plaid of the clan.

A word must be said concerning the labors of many of the ladies who are non-"Mormons," but who are prominent in club life in this City and State. Mrs. Heber M. Wells, Mrs. C. H. McMahon, Mrs. Sol. Siegel, Mrs. Gorham, Mrs. W. F. Adams, Mrs.

Stiehl, Mrs. Simon Bamberger and Mrs. Root—all of these with other public-spirited women did yoeman service in their various activitives. They were courtesy itself, and each piece of work which anyone of them undertook, was accomplished with dispatch and success.

The ladies in Ogden, headed by Mrs. Georgina G. Marriott, had a most brilliant and successful arrangement there, which was somewhat marred by the illness and absence of the Countess herself, from the noon luncheon.

The following introduction was made in Ogden by Mrs. Marriott, She said: "One might scan the pages of history in vain to find something exactly appropriate for this occasion.

"In early centuries history fails to record acts of self-sacrifice, of benevolence, of charity, of sympathy. Deeds of prowess, of might and cruelty were the things deemed worthy of remembrance. As time glided by there was born to woman a humble little Babe who was destined to change and revolutionize the thoughts and ideas of the human race.

"To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to minister to the distressed, to sympathize with the suffering and to love mankind became the keynote of the true followers of that Great Master.

"Tonight we have with us a woman, who in every act of her life has exemplified the great pattern given to mankind; who has spent her best efforts in ministering to the sick and needy, in protecting the weak and the oppressed. Her crusades for pure milk supplies, playgrounds, child welfare fare centers and open markets are masterpieces of social work. One who has successfully entered the literary field, one who has been twice honored with the presidency of the International Council of Women and at present holds that position; one of royal blood, royal, not alone because of birth, but because she chose to become honored and loved by following the admonition of our Savior. 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.'

"It is my pleasure to introduce the Marchoness of Aberdeen."

At Logan, Dr. Jensen and Dr. Widtsoe assisted by Mrs. Ball, and the ladies of the A. C. Club and public-spirited citizens gave a splendid account of themselves in both social and lecture functions. Only the Earl attended the Logan affair, but he was profuse in his expressions of pleasure at the reception he received, and the good people of Logan feel satisfied with the result of his visit.

At Provo, Dr. George H. Brimhall, Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry, Mrs. Jos. B. Keeler, Mrs. E. E. Corfman, and Miss Alice Reynolds provided a brilliant and beautiful entertainment and reception at the home of Hon. Jesse Knight, followed by a dinner,

with toasts and speeches, which really won extravagant admiration from the visiting guests. We give here the charming introduction by Mrs. Dusenberry:

A few evenings ago, had you passed a college a few squares north, you might have seen a very anxious-looking woman sitting in a library facing numerous tiers of shelves crowded with books. And had you looked closer, you might have detected a grave look of concern, when the contents of Shakespeare were examined and rejected; when the volumes of Emerson and Tennyson were removed, examined and cast aside; when the philosophy and poetry of Goethe and Dante gave no satisfaction. And then came a whispered exclamation: "I wonder if there was anything ever written perfectly proper and appropriate for one to say at so important a time." Stooping she picks up a little worn volume, which unnoticed had fallen to the floor, and you hear her read: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of one of these, ye do it unto me." And then comes the simple, beautiful story of healing the sick; helping the poor; teaching the multitude to pray, and above all to love one another; and then with a far away look on her face, in memory she crosses the ocean, finds herself among thousands of noted women, seated in a great auditorium in the city of Berlin. Standing before her she sees a tall, stately, beautiful woman, beautiful because every line in her face says to you, "Universal human service." Sitting near, someone whispers, "Look! the Countess. The President of the International Council of Women." After following a presidential address, charming in its simplicity, with a kindly admonition here, a note of intense sympathy there, a little warning, some advice, all animated with the soul of love, you hear her say in conclusion: "I leave this thought. Happy is the mother whose daughter is her best friend. Blessed is the wife who can say to her son, I hope you will be as good as your father. And after all, the greatest thing in the world is love."

Tonight it is my pleasure to introduce one of royal blood, not royal alone because of birth, but because she heals the sick, she helps the poor, she teaches the multitude to pray, and above all she teaches humanity to love one another.

THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN.

All in all, we have fulfilled, in part, the expectations that the nobles of the earth should come up to Zion to learn of her ways, and we feel that great credit is due to all who in any way contributed to this splendid affair.

Cobwebs.

"Good morning, Kate, I've just been calling
On Lucile Hart, across the way—
She's the kindest little woman,
Bright and cheery as the May;
But oh, what poor housekeeping!
Would you believe it, dear,
I counted nine big cobwebs,
As sure as I am here!"
'Twas a neighbor stopped to gossip,
And I feared the awful nine
Would be few and quite forgotten
After Bessie counted mine.

But the cobwebs set me thinking
Of the little wife Lucile,
Of the work that daily calls her,
Of the burdens she must feel:
There are seven little children,
Each with a baby's right
To her care, her love, her training;
And she gives it—day and night:

To her husband she is offering
A companionship that's true,
With smile and help and comfort
Such as come but to the few;
To her neighbors, her example
Is a source of pure delight—
When, instead of hunting cobwebs,
They are seeking truth and right;
To the world Lucile gives blessing,
That the world will never know,
In the hope and faith that follow
Where her words of comfort go.

"Bessie, don't be counting cobwebs
Why, when you are laid to rest,
Gossips will be searching corners
For the things that please them best.
If it's cobwebs, they will find them.
If it's virtues sweet and rare,
That a dearest friend would mention,
They will find such virtues there,—
You're a thrifty little housewife,
But you labor quite in vain,
If, with all your anxious sweeping,
Cobwebs gather on your brain."

ANNIE D. S. PALMER.

The Prince of Ur

By Homespun.

The Princess Sarai was once more safe in the confines of her own apartments. But even her huge eunuch feared for her, for he, standing in the shadows of the audience hall, had seen the look given to his mistress by the greedy eyes of the wicked Nimrod. There was no time now to dwell upon the death, which was very surely closing in upon the three Cushite damsels; the eunuch's own mistress was threatened by far worse dangers. Her loving Milcah met her at the latticed door and tried to calm her trembling excitement.

"Asaph, Milcah, Zul, come quickly!" cried Sarai, her voice harsh with the vibration of her fears. "Come, bind my hair, put it away from sight, wrap the dark kerchief about my brows, so —down to my very eyes; robe me in my black tunic, cover up my face with the corner of my robe, thus and thus. Oh, why have I been cursed with this fatal beauty! With it I thought to win the favor of the king, that I might save my poor black maidens, and it has only brought to me the hated favor of a wicked man. Take these jewels, hide them deep—put away my whimples—all these vails of white—get thee ready—I am no longer safe—the king has looked upon me—ah—woe is me—"

The distracted girls about her calmed her as best they could. But they—better even than their mistress—knew the gravity of her peril.

"Where is my old nurse? Bring her, Milcah, bring her. Milcah, come, give me comfort. Pray for succor—oh, why did mine own mother die, and I so young and lonely? Why did she leave me thus desolate?" The damsel was in a very panic of fear.

All this time the girl was hastily making her preparations for sudden flight. She was too unnerved to make any plans of escape, but escape she felt was her only safety. Perhaps the villages of Terah or some distant sheepfold of the plains or hills might offer safe asylum. But where was father Terah—and where was her kinsman Abram—for it was to his wisdom, his courage, that she looked for deliverance at this time.

She was soon shorn of her lovely trappings, and soon robed in the coarse and dark wrappings which she wore when out in the villages and fields on her frequent errands of mercy to the servants and shepherds; and thus she stood with wildly beating heart, waiting for some message from Abram—her dear and

wise kinsman—the protector of her childhood, the secret ideal of her maturer years, the hope of her deeply spiritual nature in her time of trial and despair. What hindered his coming? Oh, where could he be?

She stood at her lattice work, and her delicate fingers clinched their fine tracery with nervous twinings.

"Where dost thou linger?" she whispered, half aloud. "Where art thou, Abram? I have not troubled thee with my affection—I have been very cold and prudent—even as thou hast been with me. I have not sent thee loving messages in thy long absences, but thou hast never left me in my time of peril, even when my own lips or eyes have brought me into trouble—thou hast ever been my friend—my kind protector—Abram."

The mumblings and mutterings of her well-founded fears almost reached the ears of her crouching attendants. The very air of the great palace was surcharged with quivering excitement.

A man was crossing the inner courtyard of the women's apartments.

"'Tis Lot, my brother Lot. Here, Dazan, bring him quickly to me. He at least will speak the truth."

With swift bounds, the eunuch fled after the retreating form of the warrior, and in a few moments Lot stood within the audience chamber of the Princess Sarai. The formal oriental greeting between sister and brother over, Sarai turned to Lot anxiously:

"What of Abram?" she cried, with palpitating breath.

"Abram? He is in council with the chiefs and shepherd kings. His own life has been forfeited, by his double attack upon the person of the king. Even father Terah sees the gravity of our situation. Nimrod seeks his life tonight, and he may perchance be offered on the same altar which will be dedicated with the blood of thy three maidens."

"Ah!"—her cry ran shuddering along the walls of the inner court—"Abram!"

"He dies unless some miracle of deliverance takes place. Nimrod has invited him to assist in dedicating the sacred altar to Elkanah at midnight. Abram's refusal will be his own legal death sentence. Nimrod will wear Father Adam's sacred robes of the priesthood, at this ceremony, and Abram as a priest cannot be disobedient. The little child of Azzi-jaami, which Abram has covered in his bosom ever since his return is also doomed to die," added Lot.

"The little child. Oh! horror upon horror! What are we coming to? Where is our father Terah? What saith he to all this reeking carnage?"

"He is a soldier first; his country cometh first to him; his

religion and his family come after these. Yet methinks both father Terah and myself see things tonight with new eyes."

"But my maids? My little dark-brown maids? They were so good, so obedient, so pure. And the little child? Who could wish him harm?"

"None but Nimrod. He hath decreed that everything that Abram loves shall die with him. He himself will put Abram to the fire, if he refuses to use the knife of sacrifice upon the child and your three maid-servants. And should Abram pass through the fire, then he must be offered on the same holy and bloody altar that is to be consecrated with the body of the little child. Such is Nimrod's bold decree."

"And Terah? What saith he?"

"Our father sits and glowers in awful woe. His very vitals are gnawing him to tear him loose from his life-long allegiance to this vile and wicked king. Oh, that he would flee, and thus protect his life and those of us who may be left after this slaughter of the innocents."

"And what of Sarai?"

The soldier looked at her. Her shining beauty was veiled in swathed clothes of blackened hue, and only the smoldering glory of her uplifted eyes shone full upon him. He sighed, as he realized how perfect was his sister's beauty and how few could forget that radiant gaze.

"And you, my princess? Yes, and what of Irit, the little jade, and what of Ischa and Milcah? Irit loves a bauble better than she loves her food. And Milcah? And all your maids?"

"Were you in the hall?" asked the distracted princess, too covered with modest shame to speak of her own peril, and now too concerned over Abram to remember her own danger.

"Yes, I was there, my sister. When Nimrod's fiery gaze caught the dusky rays of thy bright eyes and gleaming hair, I knew that thou wouldst be in deadly peril this night under this roof, although it is our father's roof. Nimrod knows no law but his own desires."

"I know, oh, I know. But Abram, what of him?—shut up in the council halls, and in danger for his own life."

"My sister, listen to a gruff soldier. I cannot phrase my words with Mardan's graceful skill."

Sarai cried out bitterly—

"Speak not of that traitor to me."

"Even so, I am a poor handler of tongue and speech. Yet I am sure that thou art in far greater danger than our cousin Abram. His life may pay the forfeit of his courage and prowess —even in his own palace walls. But you have more than life to lose."

He spoke with stern brevity and plainness. The princess

covered up her face with the edge of her dark mantle and murmured:

"The cross is heavy on me. I bear it day by day."

"Nay, princess, I chided not, but warned. And in that warning, I would fain find some way to free thee from thy potent danger. But I lack in Abram's wisdom and resourcefulness."

"Then fly. Seek out Abram—betray to him his own danger. No matter about me—'tis Abram that is in most danger. Nimrod hates him and would destroy him this very night. Fly!"

"Why not speak of thine own danger? Fear not, my sister, I may not think quickly, nor find ways to spring aside from coming danger, but let me tell you this: that every man in all this household of Terah stands upon his guard this night before thy latticed window. Abram knows far better than I can tell or see, the danger that your highness rests in at this very moment. But fear not. We would give life like water to shield you or any of our precious helpless women from harm or danger."

"Has Abram spoken of flight?"

"Ah, that he has." And Lot gathered his slow wits together to rehearse to Sarai all that Abram devised while fleeing from her door and sending out alarms to all the neighboring chiefs.

"I thought that Abram would not forget the grave necessity of such a scheme."

Even as they spoke, a swift messenger approached, saluted Lot, and told him he was wanted in his father's private council chamber. At the same moment, he handed to the princess a tablet, still damp and fresh from the hand that had graven upon it the message. Sarai took the small missive, and quickly slid the enclosing envelope away from the inner tablet, and as she read the message engraven thereon, she said:

"Go, Lot! Abram hath need of thee. He charges me to call my maidens, and all the women of the palace together"—she was reading as she spoke—"and give them full warning of our expected journey before the morning breaks upon the valley of the Euphrates—mothers, wives, daughters, maidens, servants and slaves—all are to have a choice. But Irit—" and here the eyes of the princess opened wide:

"What of Irit?" asked Lot, anxiously.

"Abram says that Irit must be cherished very tenderly by me, and kept by my own person each moment of this night. Not for worlds am I to let her leave me, nor shall I fail to win her constant regard and trust. Do you hear? Abram is more anxious over Irit than over Sarai?"

"Nay, princess," Lot said, slowly, "thou dost mis-read the

message. I see some trace of anxious doubt in Abram's words of Irit. I think he has no occasion." But Sarai took the words of Abram to mean a very different thing.

Sarai took her rapid way to the inner apartments of women of the household. Activity marked the usual quiet and placid afternoon hours. No one within had as yet heard of the happenings in the audience hall, but all were gaily discussing the midnight ceremonies which were to dedicate and consecrate the majestic temple of Ur, so recently completed, and now rearing itself aloft in the far end of the city.

The walls of delicate pale blue and yellow enameled bricks gave forth a soft glow under the light of the numberless oil-vessels or lamps, as they stood upon every projection and in dim recesses, while the cabarets scattered about, held great silver vases full of perfumed oils that burned with clear radiance. The walls were here and there hidden by exquisite draperies of embroidered rugs and hangings, many of them rich with the cunningly wrought stories of the wars and loves of generations of princes and queenly maidens. Silver vases stood about, filled with the tropic blooms of the river gardens, while low divans banked themselves about the walls on which reclined the ladies of the household. Here were mothers, daughters, and distant or near female relatives of this great household, all now busy with the gossip of the coming midnight festivals. One of the ladies twanged a small harp, while others played games of dominoes, or other games of chance. Confections, delicate rich wines, dates, fruits, and dainty sweet-meats crowded the low tables.

Sarai stood in amazement at the threshold of this long hall. For gathered in a group on the upper platform of the room stood Terah's twelve small idols, borrowed from the gardens, each in all its hideousness wreathed in flowers and with burning incense filling every crevice of the low-ceiled room.

"What means this idolatry?" asked the princess, with quivering lips.

One of the older women of the household looked up serenely and replied.

"It means, my princess, that we are propitiating the gods of Nimrod lest his displeasure should fall upon some member of our household."

"How can you do such things? You all know how wicked such things are."

"Tush! daughter of this house. I was living and worshiping god before thy breath smote against the walls of thy mother's bedchamber. And I have learned long ago that all men are not bad who worship differently from ourselves; nor are the sons and daughters of Eber and Noah worse than ourselves. Leave

us, Sarai." And the unhappy princess returned to her own chambers hopeless and helpless.

Nimrod sat heavily brooding in his private apartments. His host had provided him with every luxury, viands of the richest and most elaborate wines and dates with rich confections, crowned the gol en tables which were set in the outer salon. His chamber looked out upon the lovely courtyard of palms below. Slaves from the markets of Ur, priestesses from the Ziggurat moved about the perfumed interior with slow and velvety footsteps. But Nimrod saw none of them. His eyes were fixed upon the huge toes of his leathern sandals, and his thoughts were whirling round and round in two squirrel-like ideas—"Abram, the man is alive, when I kiled thousands of children to slay Abram the infant." And to it was added, "Sarai, the Daughter of the Sun, is under this roof." These two deep impressions would revolve around and around in the crafty mind till suddenly some explosion of the will would clear a path for his vengeful feet to follow that would be as plain as the raised street which led from the palace of Terah to the ziggurat temple. "Abram—Sarai."

Just outside his low windows the court musicians were humming and striking their weird and soft melodies, for like most collosal men, he liked all his luxury to be of the finest and most delicate elements possible.

"Your highness, my lord—" began his chamberlain warily.

"What now—" roared his master angrily.

The man jumped as if a javelin had been thrust through his back, but speech was necessary at this moment, so he continued with cringing tones and attitude—

"Lord of the Universe, king of kings, greatest of all created men, be not displeased with thy slave. But the high priest of the Ziggurat attends upon your majesty to enquire if thou wouldst condescend to lend the light of thy countenance to the evening ceremonies at the temple of Mylitta. It is told him that numerous of the fair young daughters of Ur go there this night to sit upon the Sacred Pavement for the first time—and they have waited—may it please your most gracious majesty—these many moons, for this blessed day and time when the great god Nimrod Bilu-Nipru, would be here in his own glorious person to glorify and illumine the auspicious ceremony."

"Waited for me, have they? Well, most of them will wait in vain. Am I a god? Yea, in majesty and prowess; but the clods of nature still hang heavily upon me as the years creep along." He still sat gloomily. Suddenly his features lighted up with joy.

"Call to me the prince of Ur—Terah—and my son Mardan.

Call them at once, I say. Quick, give thy feet wings. The Sacred Pavement—tonight—ha, my Princess of the Sun-god, you may not escape me now. Ha, ha, rest easy, my own soul—have I not said that I am a wonder and a marvel? Who can compare with me in all the earth? None, none! For was it not said by my grandfather Ham that I should be the mightiest hunter in all the earth? And that nations so far in the womb of time that their features could not be determined for millenniums should know me and should proclaim my name and my prowess when this earth is old and just ready for dissolution? Ha, ha, what shall I fear? Naught but death—and death—here, slaves, call me my augurers. Is not this the night before the Sabbath? And even I the king can not cast mine augurs tomorrow. Most miserable fool that I was to perpetuate so gross a superstition upon my people. But even I must obey mine own laws. So come—ah, here thou art—Elgi, come—cast thine augurs, and see to it that they are bright, or I will have thy head."

At that moment, the heralds cried aloud the names of the Prince Terah, and Mardan.

"Room, I say, room for my host," cried the king lustily; "and my own mouthy weakling of a courtier son Mardan. Come hither."

"Shall we not await a better time," asked Terah, who saw the crowd of hastily summoned court priests arranging their augurs in their tripods and vessels.

"Nay, nay, these sooth-sayers can continue their devotions in the outer halls. I have but a short message to deliver into thy privileged ears. Stand thou close my dear and favored kinsman—Terah. Have I not—say now—have I not been thy friend? Have I not made thee great in the earth? Second only to mine own place and glory dost thou not shine forth? Have I not kept my word pledged to thee when we were in thy first campaign—old it was to me—even then—that swift onrush of arrowed men—but new and very terrible to thee? Say—have I not kept thine and my pledge? Have I interfered with thee?"

"Nay, my lord the king, thou hast been true to thy word!"

"Ha, ha—thou sayst truly. For if all the sins and wrongs of Nimrod were laid up against his door, that of treachery to his own plighted word would not be found therein."

"Speak not of sins, O gracious and holy one," said Mardan softly, as he sat caressing the king's feet. "Thou art without sin. Thy character hast been purged and purified by thy long service to God and man till thou hast come out of the furnace of affliction bright as gold seven times from the furnace pots. Thou art immortal as the gods!" Thus spake Mardan, and his light brown eyes melted with the swift hypocritical tears and overflowed into

his gorgeous abaya. His white hands clasped themselves before his breast in an attitude of eloquence. Nimrod looked piercingly at the effeminate youth.

"What art thou? Spawn of a mighty father and a mother conceived in sin? I know thy kind. And although I pay great sums to have such things as thou sayest carved on my statues and painted on my walls, when I am under the roof of Terah's house I look for the bitter and wholesome truth even from my own son."

Mardan colored to the roots of his hair. He had spent many weary hours in the schools of Ur and had been down to Nippur to further qualify himself in the luxurious art of oratory and courtiership. And now that so excellent a chance to use that pliant tool had presented itself, he was so clumsy and awkward that even the old and flattery-hardened king—his father—could see how raw and crude were his methods. Paugh! he hated himself, the king, and above all, he hated his shamed kinsman Terah who had witnessed his second humiliation that day.

"Let us to business," cried the king, turning his back rudely on Mardan. "Prince, I have but this moment accepted the gracious call from my priesthood at the temple to go down to the Pavilion of Mylitta, for this night's gorgeous offerings, and shall remain there resting over the Sabbath day. I am told that there are many choice and high-born damsels of this city who have waited impatiently for this night and the honor of my presence and favor. Say, hast thou not daughters in this house of thine?"

Terah would have willingly had his tongue torn from its roots, rather than answer that question to the king. But the piercing gaze of his old kinsman and ruler was upon him, and he knew the fire and flame which would leap forth at the least hesitation or suppression from him. And if he himself would hide portions of the truth, there was Mardan. What of Mardan? Traitor, ingrate, apostate? Ah, Terah's load was very heavy on his heart. But speak he must. But how? What should he say? Tell the names of those choice and beautiful daughters of his household? Sarai—she was already in mortal danger from this same besotted king. Milcah, Iscah, Irit—his blossoms of pure and perfect womanhood. What should he say? His mind worked quickly with the suddenness of his predicament and its need. He was the arbiter of his children's destinies, so long as they remained ever so loosely under the patriarchal order of the priesthood. Terah spoke—not from a thought taken, but from one given from some source he knew not where.

"Sarai is, as you know, my lord, a princess royal of the house of Noah. She is beyond my jurisdiction, except as she may ask and receive my counsel. She stands, by virtue of the death of my wives and their mothers, as the supreme priestess in this house-

hold. Her hand has been sought by a dozen kings and potentates; but she would be a sorry mate to one whom she hated or despised. She is her own mistress. Milcah—the little grey dove of the courts of Terah—she, I have betrothed to her kinsman Nahor, and their nuptials are about to be celebrated this very night. So also with Irit, who is likewise to be given to my son, Lot, this very night. They have all but been awaiting my return. The marriages will be solemnized with due ceremony. Therefore, your majesty sees how impossible it will be to comply with your implied invitation."

"Thy tongue runs away with thy wisdom. I said nothing about thy daughters going to Mylitta's Pavilion. But I shall not forget thy apparent wish to put an insult upon thy king—remember that! Where is thy son Abram? I would have speech with him?"

"He is at this moment engaged in his priestly duties in our own Holy of Holies. It would be impossible for him to leave the altar at this time, your majesty. You know as well as I the sacred nature of those ceremonies."

"Again dost thou offer a refusal for thy guest and thy king? So thou sayst that Abram officiates at an altar? Hast thou ordained him to the priesthood? Does he wear the sacred robes?"

"He is, your majesty, a most worthy and faithful bearer of the sacred preisthoods, which privilege he sought for with prayers and fastings, for some years of his youth before I learned of his devotion to the ancient forms of our common religion. So that, when he sought me for the conferring of the rights and offices of that sacred order, I could not gainsay him the privilege, but sent him to Salem to be ordained by Shem. And there he hath remained for thirty years. Since that day, I have been away with thee so much of the time that I have left the sacrifices and the ordinances entirely undone. On proper occasions Abram returns, and then he also wears the sacred robes of the royal priesthood as is his right."

"Hum—hum—" mused the king slowly. His mind worked slowly, but his decisions were always reached with lighting speed. The men before him waited with bated breath.

"It is well! Mardan, go you into the ante-chamber and bring to me the latest news of my augurs—for tomorrow is to be one of the greatest days of my whole life. And thou, Terah, carry to thy priestly son Abram this message: Tomorrow night at the rise of the midnight sun, I shall expect him to be present at the altar of Elkanah, there to offer up the human and glorious sacrifice which shall drench the newly prepared altar, for which thou didst thyself—or thy workmen didst for thee—cast the patterns. There we shall ourselves await in full robes the coming of thy son Abram, and there he shall prove to all Chaldea his loyalty

to God, his priesthood and his country. Nay, let me put them again in their order to thee: To the god of Chaldea-Bilu-Nipru, then to his priesthood, and finally to his country. Go, my worthy servant and host. Thine audience is over."

Chuckling and chortling with unholy glee, Nimrod saw his erstwhile companion in arms depart with bowed head and crushed mein.

"I'll teach thee Abram—and thee Terah—and thee Sarai. Sarai, ah, ah—Mardan, come hither, come hither quickly."

Mardan flew from the outer halls to throw himself at the huge feet of his royal father, and with fawning kisses, he covered the sandals of his master with assumed devotion.

"Thou young asp, tell me: What power hast thou in this household? Cans't thou procure me a favor, the value of which is so great to me that thou shalt become my supreme heir, and shalt wear my own signet for all time."

Mardan arose, and with his arms extended, he said proudly, —"Speak, O thou most glorious one, and thy words shall be obeyed, though in process thereof, it raze this palace to the ground."

"Thou art too mouthy, my young brattling. But hist! Come hither. Cans't thou devise some scheme whereby the young and beautiful princess Sarai can be brought to the Pavilion of Mylitta this night, after the shades of evening have fallen? I shall pass all the hours of the morrow's Sabbath in the Temple precincts. But this night is mine own, and I shall have much joy if I can with my royal person receive and initiate the beauteous Sarai into the mysteries of Mylitta's worship."

Mardan colored and bit his lip. But after a moment's thought, he said, with more decision and less pomposity: "My lord is the lord of this whole earth. And if his wishes are expressed, it is the duty of his loyal subjects to see that they are obeyed. I know not just how this may be done, but I crave thee to lend me thine own signet, that whatever I shall ask of thine officers and soldiers shall be obeyed implicitly. For mine own retinue, I shall not require it."

The youth looked fixedly at the king, and then with three swift and subtle motions he touched his head, his breast and his knee. With as quick response, his father lifted his left hand upward and then swung his right till they were above his head. Mardan turned without a word and swiftly glided out of the royal presence.

"Apostate to the core. In league with witchcrafts and black arts, practiced by the sons of mine own father Cush. What black shadows may not hang over mine own heavens with such a reptile crawling beneath its horizon." Thus mused the king, as Mardan glided away.

Nimrod now gave the signal for his magicians and priests to enter, and together they bent in anxious scrutiny over the various auguries and portents that had been cast while the king was busy otherwise.

"Shadows, shadows, I see them, my wizards, thou cans't not hide them from my gaze. The vampire has wings for a thousand tombs before the morning light may ring its crimson belts on the summit of the Ziggarut."

"Nay, your majesty. These are but the portents of the great and last human sacrifice which thou hast deigned to permit to dedicate this thy latest Ziggarut. It is meet that the gods should thus signify their great acceptance of thy offering."

"True, true, thou mayst be right. I will not wish it otherwise. But was it not said by father Ham that Nimrod would be the greatest son he ever sired? Then who can dim that glory? Send my steward of the robes. I shall be clothed this night in my royal garments and robes of the priesthood, given to me by father Cush, and from him obtained from father Ham through my grandfather Noah, just after they had left the ark. Men may have other robes, but it is Nimrod who owns and wears the very robe given to father Adam when he was driven out from the gardens of Paradise. Here, quickly, robe me in these invincible garments. For no power of heaven or earth shall resist their awful symbolism. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the men of this puny earth—and why not the beauteous Sarai—pay homage without stint to him who wears this most holy and mystic robe!"

The Pavement of Mylitta—the Ziggarut, the Sabbath! These were the thoughts that flung themselves round and round in the monarch's slow brain, and in and out, like tiny mice, blinked and fluttered two names—Abram—Sarai—Abram and Sarai—heaven—hell—death—life and beauty—Abram—Sarai—what engines of power center in the brains of men! Power for good or power for evil! But that power—how vast, how incomprehensible, only God Himself may tell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mental Hygiene for Women Past Fifty.

The twenty-five years, or more, which reach out beyond the fifty-year mark for the woman of usual habits of health, should be years of reasonable occupation for the hands, of pleasant reflections to the mind, and of long hours of sleep and rest in the quiet chamber, which should be her own. Modern methods do not permit grandmother, always, to have this old-fashioned passing on of her active life. Instead of being allowed to work only according to her strength, she is the most over-worked woman in the community. Her strength has waned, but her ambition has not yet passed, and she thinks she can do a great deal more than she can. Consequently, she is generally over-burdened, and is always attempting to do things which her strength will not permit.

The grandmothers who read this article should take themselves in hand, and decide that they—and not others—shall direct the last twenty-five years of their lives.

What is the usual fear of the woman of fifty and past? Apoplexy, paralysis, and nervous collapse. These three are grim goblins and they wonder which of the three goblins will get them. Let such women remember that in the first place, if they will control their appetite, and eat reasonably—eating only needed quantities and those things that agree—apoplexy and paralysis are not likely to occur to them. Nervous collapse is for people who spend a great deal of time thinking about themselves. The most dangerous enemies to our peace of mind are self-pity, self-righteousness, and self-indulgence. Whenever you are inclined to have a crying spell, because you are not properly appreciated, forget yourself, and go out and find others who are not so well situated as you are. Minister to them, and give to them of your tenderest sympathy, and see if your own troubles do not fly away so quickly, you will forget you ever had them. Fear is a very deadly companion, and yet it haunts so many sensitive women, that it becomes almost necessary to treat it as a disease. Then, we would say, forget your fear; put it far from you by filling your mind with other and happier thoughts. Loneliness is another form of suffering for those who have reached the age of fifty and past, and yet, in this Church, there is very little necessity for any woman—no matter what her age or condition, to be lonely. Relief Society and Temple work provides women with so much to hear, so much to contribute to

the happiness of others, that no Latter-day Saint woman has opportunity or time for loneliness.

No one should be idle. Idleness begets many sins and much suffering of body and mind, and, in fact, it makes its inroad into the very spirit itself. Occupation, both pleasant and unpleasant occupation—for we never reach a point when discipline of the spirit is not wholesome and good for us—should be provided for every woman. See that you prepare for yourselves, a line of daily labor which shall be possible for you, or at least that shall be profitable for those about you. Do not overwork yourselves. Watch for the danger signal; and when you find that you are overtaxing your physical or mental strength, stop, look, listen. And yet, in this stopping, looking, and listening, do not always be watching for signs of break-down, nor signs of disease in yourselves. Physicians tell us that when we watch for a certain disease, it is pretty apt to show itself in our body. A healthy denial of worry, or of any evil, is about the best way to get rid of it. It is almost useless to say to women "Don't worry," and "Don't be anxious." But, at least, worry as little as possible, and be as little anxious as you may. If you do not put helpful, beautiful, and building-up thoughts in your mind, the other power will see that your mind is well-filled with his own particular brand of reflection. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

Blessed is the woman who has acquired the habit of reading in early life. When she reaches the age of fifty, and goes beyond, she is then equipped with the best and pleasantest mode of spending her spare time. Cultivate the habit of reading; read light literature, if you cannot read the more serious, but spend some time each day in reading the scriptures. Association with the great and good of this world—both in the Scriptures, and in good books—will give you a broad outlook upon life, sympathy and understanding of all ages, and peoples of the world, and will prepare and qualify you for up-to-date companionship with those you love.

Grandmother should have quiet sleeping quarters. It is neither wise nor healthy to have little children sleep with grandmother. She should have a chance in the morning to lie and rest, if she chooses; and yet, on the other hand, if she likes to get up early, let her do so, and give her some little work in the garden, or some little chore about the house, that will be equal to her strength, and which will employ and occupy her to her own delight and profit.

Grandmothers should not interfere with the raising of their children's children. The methods of their children, in raising their families, may not be so good as grandmothers; but at least, children should be allowed to carry out their own ideas. Learn to shut your eyes, and your ears, to everything but that which con-

cerns yourself. Above all things, avoid self-pity. Never feel that you are neglected and abused.

Avoid interference with anybody's affairs but your own; and learn to occupy your own mind with healthy, pure, upright thoughts. Try all the time to build up righteousness; and not to tear down people. Relief Society and Temple work provides the women of this Church—past the age of fifty—with the very best activity that can possibly be conceived of. No woman need be idle, nor unhappy; no woman need be lonely, who lives anywhere near a Temple district, or who is within the radius of the Relief Society. You lose your troubles in finding others'; you lose yourself in finding others."

Let us close with the inspired hygiene instructions found in Section 88, of the Doctrine and Covenants:

"See that ye love one another; cease to be covetous; learn to impart one to another, as the gospel requires; cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault one with another; cease to sleep longer than is needful. Retire to thy bed early, that you may not be weary; arise early that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated. And above all things, clothe yourselves with the bonds of charity as with a mantle, which is the bond of perfectness and peace."

This paragraph contains the germs of every truth taught by physicians, Christian Scientists and philosophers. Engrave it on your memories and be healed.

The superintendent of police in Philadelphia has issued orders that there must be no more bare legs in theatrical entertainments. Here are the orders in full, and the Salt Lake authorities would do well to "make note on:"

"The act of April 13, 1911, makes it unlawful for any person to give or participate in, or for the owners of any building to permit any sacrilegious, obscene or indecent performances. The following are immoral and indecent:

"1—The appearance on the stage of any theater of a female performer in nude or semi-nude condition, with the body or lower limbs naked.

"2—The exhibition of any picture of a female performer—showing the performer in a suggestive pose.

"3—The portrayal of a dope fiend.

"4—Using on the stage of any indecent, profane, or immoral language, joke or story.

"5 The portrayal of any degenerate."

The Bride's Mother.

Nabby Howe.

She stood like a half-blown rose, her golden brown hair, her liquid brown eyes, and her shell pink cheeks rising from her velvet white neck like a flower upon its stem. Her white-slippered feet peeped in and out of the filmy laces of her gown, as she moved restlessly, while her mother kneeled before her, adjusting her dress with quick and tasteful fingers.

"You know, Mother, I shall never love anybody just like I love you."

The mother looked up into the exquisite face upon her, and smiled with misty eyes.

"Yes, Mother," went on the tender, laughing voice, "you are the only mother I shall ever have, and I think you are my onliest only."

In a few moments, the bride and her mother were released from their pretty toil, and the mother said to her restless daughter, "Sit down, Flora; there is a full hour before your guests will arrive, and I have a story to tell you."

Moved at once by the solemn thrill in her mother's voice, the restless girl fluttered down, and nestling on the couch beside her mother, she said seriously, "Is it a happy, story, Mother, for you know I want to be happy today; it is my wedding day."

"Dear child," replied her mother, "it is a story that will make you happy all the days of your life, if you will heed its moral:

"You are now a young lady, but before you came to this earth I had a very remarkable and stirring experience. I had borne eight children, and I felt convinced that I had done my duty by society and by my children; and so I told your father that I should have no more children. Your father is a very wise man, and when I announced my decision, he made no comment other than to look at me with that piercing glance which, as you know, cuts clear through to the heart. However, I was determined, and although I took no means of prevention, except the very natural and legitimate one—if indeed it is ever natural or legitimate for women to refuse to have children—at least I adoptel no criminal methods to carry out my purpose.

"Three years from that time, the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated; I was chosen as a worker, you know; and at one of the first dedicatory services, I met a brother with whom I had been acquainted all my life, but who knew nothing of our family lives, for he had lived in a distant town for a number of years. He came up to me, and, looking straight into my face, said, 'We have had the word of the Lord this morning, Sister.'

"'Oh,' I replied, 'don't you always get the word of the Lord when you are in the presence of the President of the Church?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'but the word of the Lord came this time to you.'

"'What was it,' I asked.

"And looking me straight in the eye, he replied: 'Any woman who refuses to have children for her husband shall be cut off, and will wither and die like a broken twig.'

"The shock of this announcement was very severe, and I said to myself, 'That is surely the word of the Lord to me.'

"A few nights after this, I dreamed that I went over on the Other Side. I saw a personage approaching, with two little boys—one on each side of the angel. I knew them instantly, it seemed, and exclaimed, 'Oh, those are my little boys.'

"'Yes,' replied the angel, 'they would have been, but you refused to have them.'

"'I must have them,' I replied: 'I am ready to have them now.'

"'No,' he answered, 'you will never have these little boys.'

"And now, my darling, you and your little Sister Naomi were born after that time, and no mother welcomed a child more eagerly than I welcomed you.

"I tell you this, as a warning, a solemn warning, for your future guidance. Remember my darling that you made your covenants at the altar with your husband this morning to multiply and replenish the earth, and any refusal on our part to keep the commandments of God will sooner or later bring the punishment."

With a sob in her throat, the beautiful girl bride caught her mother and murmured, as she clung to her, "Mother, I will remember—I will never forget."

ATTENTION TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Agents for the *Relief Society Magazine* will receive a 10 per cent discout for all subscriptions obtained. All individual subscriptions sent into this office must be accompanied with $1.00, as there is no discout allowed to single subscribers. All expenses incurred by agents—such as postage, postal orders, etc.,—must be borne by the agents themselves.

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.

The new Relief Society books for secretaries, treasurers, and teachers will be ready for distribution early in January, and will be sent directly to the stake presidents. Several orders for books have been sent to the general office from wards, but have been returned as this office is not delivering such books to the wards.

Mrs. Mattie J. Ballard, president of the Relief Society in the Northern States Mission, reports a very successful visit to the branches of the Church in Montana. Regular Relief Society conferencess were held at Spokane and Anaconda. The president of the Spokane branch is Mrs. Amelia Cluff, and the president of the Anaconda branch is Mrs. Annie Amer. At Butte, a reorganization of the Society took place when Mrs. Margaret Boam was sustained as president. At Helena a new society was organized with Mrs. Violet Brazer as President. The branches all show a keen and active interest in the work, and the members are doing all they can to further the same. The Spokane branch is making pillow cases to donate to the cottage for elders, at the Fort Pick Indian Reservation.

Mrs. Emily S. Richards and Phebe Y. Beatie were appointed by Governor Spry to attend the 1915 International Peace Congress held at San Francisco.

The School of Nursing and Obstetrics is progressing nicely. There has never been a brighter or more earnest class of students in attendance. Most of the members of the class expect to take up the practice of nursing and obstetrics, while several members—young ladies and mothers—are taking the course simply to prepare themselves to be a help in their own homes, and a benefit to society in general

On Tuesday, Oct. 19, 1915, President Emmeline B. Wells visited the Willard ward of the Box Elder stake, by special invitation, the exercises being planned entirely in her honor. President Wells was accompanied by Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman. As this was the regular meeting day of the Society, two sessions were held. At noon the Assembly adjourned to the basement, where a delicious luncheon was served from snowy white tables, deco-

rated with beautiful, fall flowers. Covers were laid for one hundred and twenty. President Wells was greeted on all sides by old acquaintances and friends, and enjoyed the visit thoroughly. She spoke at both sessions, and her remarks were highly appreciated by the 145 members in attendance. At the close of the afternoon session, the visitors were driven to the station, where, with their arms loaded with flowers, they bade their hospitable friends good-bye.

In Liberty ward of Bear Lake stake, the women take lunch and spend a day during the holidays with each aged family in the ward.

In St. Charles ward, Bear Lake stake, during the year 1914, thirty aged women and widows were entertained at their own homes.

The Trenton ward, last year, raised $137.05 for the Belgian relief fund.

In the Willard ward, of Box Elder stake, last Thanksgiving, the Relief Society sent Thanksgiving dinners to nine aged people. This ward also sewed twelve days for those in need.

Kanab ward Relief Society took full care of one sick woman for four months.

Afton ward—Star Valley stake—prepared a Christmas tree last year for their hospital.

In South Ephraim ward, twenty women sewed one-half day each for motherless children in the town.

In Mt. Pleasant ward, twenty-seven families were remembered at Christmas. In Mt. Pleasant north, eighteen families were remembered at Christmas, making together in this small place forty-five families.

The newly reorganized Salt Lake stake Relief Society has a fine choir, under the leadership of that favorite singer, Mrs. Agnes Olsen Thomas.

Reorganizations have recently been made in the Relief Societies of several stakes. At the organization of the new Portneuf stake, Mrs. Dicey W. Henderson was made president. Mrs.

Henderson was at the time of the change, president of the Pocatello stake. The office left vacant by this change was filled by Mrs. Emily Gladwin, of Pocatello, Idaho.

Davis stake was divided a few months ago into North and South Davis. Mrs. Elizabeth J. Ford who had been the president was retained as president of South Davis, and Mrs. Emma J. D. Strong was made president of North Davis.

At a recent special conference held in South Sanpete, President Abigail Shoemaker was honorably released from her position on account of illness, and Mrs. Hannah Christensen was chosen to take her place as president in this thriving stake.

Mrs. Florence B. Crittenden of Hoytsville has been made president of Summit stake, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mrs. Sarah A. Lewis, who has been a very capable and earnest officer.

Mrs. Harriet B. Harker, president of Salt Lake stake for many years, has resigned from this position on account of change of residence. Mrs. Harker was succeeded by Mrs. Hattie Jensen, her former counselor. The Salt Lake stake has always been an active and thoroughly up-to-date stake, and Mrs. Harker has maintained this high grade of excellence throughout. It will be remembered that Mrs. Harker was at one time a very active and efficient member of the General Board.

At the reorganization of Liberty stake, Mrs. Lottie Paul Baxter was chosen as president. The Liberty stake has been presided over for several years by Mrs. Effie Ensign Merrill, who has recently removed to her old home in Logan. Mrs. Merrill, an active and energetic young woman, achieved unusual results during the short period of her presidency.

At a conference held in Ensign stake on November 19, Mrs. Elise B. Alder was chosen president. Mrs. Alder fills the place which was made vacant by the death of Mrs. Margaret Romney. Mrs. Romney had for many years devoted her life and energy to Relief Society work, and her death was mourned by the hundreds she had comforted and befriended. Mrs. Alder is the daughter of Mrs. Louisa B. Benson, who is at the present time, the capable president of the Oneida stake, one of the largest in the Church.

Snowflake Stake History.

In response to many inquiries, we give here a model history, as prepared by the Secretary of the Snowflake stake. It is brief, comprehensive, and very interesting. We would not wish other stakes to copy it in detail, but to use it as a suggestive form on which to base their own history. It is as follows:

SNOWFLAKE HISTORICAL REPORT.

At a quarterly conference of the Eastern Arizona stake, held at Snowflake, Dec. 18, 1887, Apostle John Henry Smith divided the stake. A portion was called the St. Johns stake, and the remainder, to which was added the Little Colorado stake, was to be known as the Snowflake stake.

The Relief Society was also organized by Apostle John Henry Smith. When the stakes were divided there were thirteen societies.

The different Stake Boards have gotten up theatres, entertainments, dances, served suppers and luncheons, etc. From 1900 to 1915 they have raised $303.90.

The Stake Boards have sent one sister to be trained for a nurse. They were also instrumental, together with the Stake Presidency, in obtaining the services of Sister Maud L. Ditty, of Salt Lake City, to come to Snowflake and teach a nurse class of twenty-three students.

They have assisted with all public buildings in the community, and erected a monument to the memory of Sister Sarah Driggs, a former stake officer.

We did not engage in silk raising in our stake, but for a number of years, through the "90's," we saved money for a woolen factory. The money was later put into the stake academy.

We prepared written study outlines for the Societies for a number of years, 1909 to 1912, and for 1913 we got out a printed outline.

We have assisted in building the Academy and other public buildings to the amount of $1,559.50.

Value of clothing distributed to the poor, $845.06.

Labor performed for various purposes, $378.00.

Some of these figures have been estimated, as accounts have not been carefully kept.

1. Number of dozens of Sunday eggs gathered by the Societies, 1,233.

2. Number of quilts, comforts and blankets made, 1,013.

3. Number of yards of carpets, 1,152; rugs, 16 yards.

4. Number of bushels of wheat saved, 103. Beans saved, 204 bushels.

5. The Societies have built three houses and bought interest in one.

6. Number of Church works and other books collected, 87.

7. Number of acres of land owned by the Societies, 3 41-160 acres.

8. Amount of cash donated to Temples, $44.25. Donations were made to help build the Salt Lake Temple, but no account has been kept of it.

9. Number of dead for whom ordinance work has been done, only one.

10. Number of missionaries helped, 140.

11. Number of sick visited, 19,262 visits, approximated.

12. Number of dead clothed and prepared for burial, 273. Value of Temple aprons furnished in one ward, $7.00.

13. Number of bazars or fairs held, 18.

Our Societies own stock in Arizona Co-operative Mercantile Institution, to the amount of $357.28, and in banks, $390.00.

LULU J. SMITH, Stake Secretary.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE SNOWFLAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY.

PRESIDENTS: Emma S. Smith, Dec. 18, 1887, to Aug. 11, 1905; Mary J. R. West, Aug. 11, 1905, to June 4, 1911; Nellie M. Smith, June 4, 1911, to July, 1915 (In office at this writing).

FIRST COUNSELORS: Emily J. Lewis, Dec. 18, 1887, to 1893; Sarah Driggs, Aug. 28, 1893, to Aug. 11, 1905; Emma L. Smith, Aug. 13, 1905, to June 4, 1911; Belle H. Flake, June 4, 1911, to May 15, 1915; Ann S. Shumway, May 15, 1915, to the present.

SECOND COUNSELORS: Sarah Driggs, Dec. 18, 1887, to Aug. 28, 1893; Ruth A. Hatch, Aug. 28, 1893, to Nov. 21, 1895; Mary J. R. West, Nov. 21, 1895, to Aug. 11, 1905; Belle H. Flake, Aug. 11, 1905, to June 4, 1911; Ann S. Shumway, June 4, 1911, to May 15, 1915; Dena S. Hulet, May 15, 1915, to the present.

SECRETARIES: Della Fish Smith, March 9, 1888, to March 17, 1910; Laura Baird, March 17, 1910, to June 4, 1911; Maud F. Ramsay, June 4, 1911, to May 31, 1914; Lulu J. Smith, May 31, 1914, to the present.

ASSISTANT SECRETARIES: Lois Hunt, Nov. 21, 1895, to Nov. 27, 1897; Margaret Smith, Nov. 27, 1897, to ——; Annie Rogers, February, 1907, to ——; Laura Baird, March 23, 1909, to March 17, 1910; Lulu J. Smith, March 31, 1910, to May 31, 1914; Philena Miller, May 31, 1914, to the present.

TREASURERS. Jemima W. Smith, June 1, 1888, to June 2, 1899; Janet M. Smith, June 2, 1899, to March 31, 1910; Lulu J.

Smith, March 31, 1910, to May 31, 1914; Philena Miller, May 31, 1914, to the present.

Officers of the Eastern Arizona stake, from which Snowflake stake was taken:

PRESIDENTS: Wilmirth East, June 27, 1880, to July 1, 1883; Emma S. Smith, July 1, 1883, to Dec. 18, 1887.

FIRST COUNSELORS: Emma S. Smith, July 12, 1880, to July 1, 1883; Lois B. Hunt, Sept. 28, 1883, to March 1, 1885; Emily J. Lewis, Dec. 11, 1885, to Dec. 18, 1887. Sister Lois B. Hunt was burned to death.

SECOND COUNSELORS: Lois B. Hunt, July 12, 1880, to July 1, 1883; Frances White, Sept. 28, 1883, to Dec. 18, 1887.

SECRETARIES: Ida F. Hunt Udall, July 12, 1880, to Sept. 12, 1884; Della Fish Smith, Sept. 12, 1884, to Dec. 18, 1887.

TREASURER: Eliza J. Fish, July 12, 1880, to Dec. 18, 1887.

At the time the stake was divided there were thirteen societies all doing fairly well.

Following is the disbursements of the society from 1880 to 1887:

Disbursed for charitable purposes	$ 482.35
" " emigration	36.50
" " stake house	61.50
" " Deseret hospital	65.00
" " home industries	240.11
" " books	41.40
" " missionaries	41.39
" " Indians	5.55
" " buildings	443.76
	$1,417.56

STAKE AND WARD GENEALOGICAL COMMITTEES. ATTENTION.

We desire to have a canvas made, this winter, for all the women in this Society to become annual or life members of the Genealogical Society of Utah. Once a life member, and there are no more dues to pay. No adult in the Church can afford to neglect this plain duty. The labors of this Society lie at the root of all our Temple work. Let us secure ten thousand life members for the Genealogical Society, during the year 1916. What the Relief Society sisters atempt will be a success. God bless the Relief Society!

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

The Mexican revolution seems to be growing smaller in extent, though not less bloody in its methods.

The mining industry of Utah produced upwards of fifty millions of dollars in the precious metals in 1915. That is $125 per capita for Utah's population.

Japan announces a readiness to send an army into Europe to assist its allies there. Yet, with German-Hungarian officers training China's soldiery, the shrewd Jap is likely to keep his "weather-eye" open preferably in that direction.

A sugar factory at Delta, Utah, seems to be a near probability, a company having been organized with that in view. There also is a movement for such a factory at Brigham City. At the same time some of the other factories are closing down early, owing to a shortage in this season's beet crop.

The interurban railway main station opposite the southwest corner of Temple Square in Salt Lake City is looked on in a very favorable light by passengers who come into the city over the interurban lines, and whose general convenience is greatly enhanced by the new location.

Morocco has become a civilized country, safe to travel in, and producing abundant crops instead of being nine-tenths waste, and all this since the French occupied it ten years ago. French liberality in governing the country also has resulted in great benefit to the natives.

Greece has yielded to the demand of Great Britain and France not to interfere with their troops should the latter be driven from Bulgaria or Servia into Greece. It was the only way by which Constantine could remain on the Greek throne in existing circumstances, and even yet his position is of uncertain tenure.

Increase of internal taxation is proposed by the American national administration, whereby smaller incomes than the present legal limit will be taxed, and the "war-tax" measure extended to other articles of common use than now provided. The prospec-

tive revenue for the national government under the present law is estimated to be $115,000,000 less than will be required for the ordinary expenses of 1915.

Stripping of all supplies the portion of Russia and Belgium occupied by the invaders is reported to be the active policy of the latter, to the extent that the death rate among children remaining in those localities is greatly increased, by reason of insufficient sustenance. Thus dominant militarism knows no distinction of sympathy between the helpless infant and the soldier on the firing line, in its disregard of human life.

Death by reckless driving of automobiles of several persons seems at last to have awakened some public officers in Salt Lake City to the enforcement of the law forbidding vehicles to run past standing street cars rfom which passengers are alighting. If officials chosen to enforce the law had done this earlier, there would have been less mourning among families whose bereavement came because of the neglect.

Twenty children were burned to death at St. John's parochial school at Peabody, Mass., when a little crippled child fell and blocked the way of children trying to escape from the burning building. No school building should be limited to a single exit, however sufficient it may prove at a "fire-drill" when there is no visible cause of excitement.

Hamburg-American steamship company officials in New York are shown in a trial in the federal court there to have violated the laws of the United States by sending a dozen or more ships from American ports to deliver supplies to German warships at sea.

Berlin advices say the British Mesopotamian army marched over from Egypt: this is denied by British authorities. The fact is that the Mesopotamian army came up the valley of the Euphrates from the Persian Gulf, while the large British army which left Egypt and the Suez Canal is in Southern Palestine, but the censorship permits little information regarding its movements to leak through. Enough comes, however, to show that Britain has an eye on the possession of the whole of Syria as an outcome of the present war.

Dr. Haiselden, a Chicago physician, permitted a babe to die for lack of an operation which he said would save its life, his reason being that if the child lived it would be mentally defective. It is a dangerous thing, however, to permit any individual doctor

to pass finally on such matters, since perfect judgment thereon, morally, is not vouchsafed in any training for the medical profession.

Equal suffrage for women was defeated in five eastern states in recent elections; but the fact that more than a million male voters recorded their ballots in its favor is such a wonderful stride beyond what was possible even five years ago that the equal suffragists have abundant cause for feeling gratified, and for continuing on the highway to ultimate success, which is due within a comparatively brief period.

The Hillstrom case in Utah came to a close by the execution of the double-murderer. When President Wilson interposed for the second time—this last occasion being at the request of the American Federation of Labor, which was not fully informed on the case—and intimated in his telegram to Mr. Gompers, the Federation head, that Hillstrom had not obtained justice at his trial, the action of the President was regarded in this locality as very unfair to Utah, being an encouragement to the campaign of lawless threats instituted on behalf of the condemned murderer.

The Ancona, an Italian ocean-line steamship, was sunk by an Austrian submarine, which fired on the passengers as they were being lowered into the small boats. Among the more than 200 passengers lost were twenty-seven American citizens. The Austrian government holds that it is not amenable under the rule in the case of the *Lusitania,* since notice from the United States was sent only to Germany. American sentiment, however, regards Austria as much more culpable than Germany, since the dual monarchy knew all the diplomacy of that situation, and had no excuse of ignorance for killing unarmed neutrals, or even firing on the helpless men, women and children of belligerent nations.

Nineteen millions of people, it is estimated, have passed through the gates of the San Francisco Exposition during the year, 1915.

The European writers are discussing, very earnestly, the problem of the so-called war-babies. Over 180,000 of these babies, it is said, were born in Germany alone. Societies are studying the problem of removing the stigma from the generally helpless mothers and the innocent babies.

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

Receips, by Mme. Rorer, given in her classes in Salt Lake City, August, 1915.

Children should be taught very early in life to eat the things which are best for them. Each child has its own likes and dislikes, but every mother should see to it that her children have the proper nourishment taken into the body in spite of personal tastes. If a child does not care for a certain thing, don't try to make him eat it—the body will take care of itself. But encourage a taste for things you know are good for him.

Fats are never digested, they are assimilated; fat is the only food that is not digested. Fat taken into the body remains as fat in the body. Starch taken into the body is changed into sugar; sugar taken into the body is changed into acid.

People have gone shortening mad; and the desire for fried foods is said by some to be a great cause of cancer. Cancer is very prevalent where pork is used to excess and foods swim in fat.

When we realize that Mme. Rorer's new book on Bread-making contains 9,000 pages, we can see how much there is to be learned in this one line of cookery.

Scotch Scones.—The ingredients are one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one egg, two level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful of shortening. Add the baking powder, the salt and the shortening to the flour and mix thoroughly. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Pour milk and egg into the flour. Drop into a dish and put in a quick oven. Bake in twenty minutes.

Nut Bread.—The same recipe is used, except that the shortening is omitted and two-thirds of a cup of nuts added. After the mixture is prepared, let it stand ten minutes to raise. It should bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Nut bread should never be cut until the next day.

Egg Rolls.—This recipe is the same as for Scotch scones except that two-thirds of a cup of milk is used. Roll out moderately thin, cut into a circle, fold over, press together and bake.

Pin Wheels.—Use the same dough as for egg rolls. Roll into a thin sheet. Spread thinly with butter, thickly with sugar, dust over a little cinnamon and a few currants. Roll and cut into small sections. In baking; the sections should not be placed too closely together.

Plain Mush Bread.—For plain mush bread put one pint of milk over the fire. Add one cup of cornmeal. Stir until you have

a smooth mush. Take from the fire, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of four eggs. Fold in the whites of four eggs. Bake in a moderate oven for about a half hour.

Milk Biscuits.—Use recipe for Scotch scones; add three-fourths of a cup of milk, and omit the egg.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Peony plants may be divided once in every three years, which will usually give from two to four plants. Two-year-old plants, field grown, from divisions, are the best with which to start a bed of peonies.

The old-fashioned hollyhock will grow in any good garden loam in a well drained location. For fine results, give it a soil made of good lime stone loam, enriched with well-rotted horse manure, and a dusting of bone meal in the spring.

Before the discovery of the German mines, wood ashes were one of the main sources of potash. Unleeched hard-wood ashes contain from five to seven per cent potash. Soft wood ashes are somewhat lower in potash content. Wood ashes that have been leeched or exposed to the weather, contain only a small amount of potash, and that only the less available portion—leval ashes—contain no available potash or other plant food. Beet sugar molasses is quite rich in potash, and some potash may be expected as a by-product from this source.

Rose colored sentimen for Christmas basket: I shall give her the gift of always seeing the bright side of everything. That gift will be more to her than beauty or riches or honors. It is not so much matter what color one's eyes are, as what one sees with them. There is a bright side to everything, if people only knew it, and the best eyes are those which are able to see this bright side.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

A Bed of Petunias. The seed of single petunias may be sown quite early in hot beds or in window boxes, but seed sown in a properly prepared bed will do about as well, except that the flowers may be a few days later. Petunia plants should not be more than eighteen inches apart, as they mass well, and produce a brilliant display that lasts all summer. Care should be taken not to cover the seeds too deep, as they are so very small they are liable to decay if they are planted too deep. Place the seeds on the surface of the earth and press or rub the surface gently with a

hoe or board, which causes the seeds to drop among the particles of soil on the surface. This is one of the cheapest but most delightful flower beds it is possible to secure at small cost.

Vegetables contain a considerable amount of protein, in proportion to their bulk, and if one could eat enough, the body would be well nourished with them alone, but our stomachs are not made to accommodate large masses of bulky food, so vegetables must be supplemented by other articles.

Vegetables boiled in a large amount of water, which is turned down the sink, lose their most valuable elements. They should be steamed or served in a sauce made of the cooking water, which should be as little as possible.

POEMS BY EMMELINE B. WELLS.

The second edition of Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells' poems, just issued, will be welcomed by legions of friends and admirers of that remarkable woman and inspired writer. Every Relief Society library will no doubt be supplied with a volume, for the book is filled with the tender effusions of a poetic mind and contains the rich flow of an inspirational pen. President Wells has been writing for three-quarters of a century; and there is an exquisite grace, and a charming melody in every single poem enclosed in the collection. Moreover, the pages breathe the fixed integrity of a soul at one with God. Our sisters should read and reflect upon the chaste and exalted sentiments here reflected and their minds will be enlarged and purified by the lovely spirit which radiates from these poems. We heartily commend this book to every lover of the beautiful, and that is every woman in the Relief Society. The General Board begins the sale by each subscribing for a volume. It is marvelous that our President, eighty-seven years of age, should present such a noble work at her time of life, and her friends will manifest their appreciation of this feat by rallying to the quick and complete sale of this limited edition. Quite a sum of money for the cost of publication, was generously raised by the Utah Woman's Press Club, and the balance will surely be forthcoming through the sale of the book.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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Vol. III. JANUARY, 1916. No. 1.

A NEW YEAR RESOLVE.

The New Year's Dawn.

The icy dawn of New Year's Day brings to most of us the traditions and memories which cling with more or less pleasure, mingled with more or less regret, around this yearly festival. We are inclined to look back over the past year, and—in spite of our refusal to be guided by out-worn sentimentalism—to make a few quiet resolves as sign-posts for the coming year. We will be kinder, will visit the sick oftener, minister to the needy, and comfort the bereaved more zealously than we have heretofore done. We will study, learn, read more, acquaint ourselves more fully with the history, the science, the literature of the world. We will practice a more rigid economy, will get out of debt, save a little money—all these good resolutions flit over the surface of our minds and find more or less lodgment there.

The Word of the Lord.

There is a passage in one of the early sections of the Doctrine and Covenants which should burn itself into the breast of every Latter-day Saint who is, or may be, called a Saint. It is found in Section 18, in a revelation given to the Prophet.

ou lining the mission and ministry of the Twelve Apostles. We are there told, "Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God * * * * * * And if it so be," continues the revelation, "that you should labor all your days in crying repentence unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul, unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father." One soul! Think of the weight and value of this saying. Think of the bliss which will be ours if even one soul clasps our hand in eternity, and acknowledges that soul's debt before the Throne of Grace. Think also, of the exquisite misery which would overwhelm us if one soul looked us in the face there, and declared that his or her downfall was caused by our idle words, or our evil neglect. Ah, these are New Year thoughts which must give us pause.

My New Year's Resolve.

When my New Year comes, I shall sit in communion with my own soul, while I question the past and prepare for the future. And the one dominant thought will be: have I helped to save, or have I caused to stumble, one soul during the year 1915? Then quenching my useless regrets, and pleading pardon for my mistakes, there will emerge one vital question:

What Can I Do to Save One Soul?

I may do many things: A good word in season, a kind act performed when most needed; and, above all, a strict attention, on my own part, to the laws of the gospel so that my own inner light shall shine brightly—prayer daily—all these will help me to help others. Then there is one sure way I may take, one certain path I may tread, that will lead me to this goal of all my desires—it is the path which leads my willing feet to the doors of the Temple. Here are waiting souls to save—thousands of them. And if I will attend but one day—in the spirit and meaning thereof—how easily will my prayer be answered, my resolve be accomplished! And so I sit communing with my New Year resolve, determining that longing shall be replaced by action, resolve by deeds; and that I shall redeem at least one soul during the year of 1916.

Wild extravagance in gift-giving is a menace to society. It breeds selfishness and greed and corrupts both those who give and those who receive. Be wise in this, as in all things.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK, FEBRUARY, 1916.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

SARAH AND HAGAR.

References: Genesis 11:29, 30; 12:11, 20; 16:1, 6; 17:15-22; 18:9-15; 20; 21; 23; Heb. 11; I Pet. 3:16; Gal. 4:22-31.

The character of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, is presented in the Bible in general outlines. If she is to be understood, and loved, however, the student should know much of oriental lore, should understand the nature of Sarah's association with her husband and her household, and should also be somewhat familiar with Hagar's upbringing and Egyptian character. We give all the Bible references to Sarah, and suggest that each of them be read to the class, with the context. If any have a volume of Josephus, or the *Book of Jasher,* or a good encyclopedia, study them carefully as to the side-lights given of Sarah.

It is natural for those who look upon Abraham's family relations with unsympathetic eyes to allow all their sympathy to go to Hagar, in the events of Sarah's later years. Let us consider, first, however, the story as given us by Moses in the Book of Genesis, and see what Sarah was, as shown by these facts.

Sarah was the niece of Abram—so we are told by Jewish commentators. She was of superb beauty, supremely intelligent, true to the gospel in the midst of the luxury and temptations around her, in the pagan city of Ur. After her marriage with Abram, she joined him in his wanderings, sharing his toils and his triumphs, as any good wife should. They lived in tents, as do the bedouins of today. She was with Abram when he journeyed down to Egypt, and suggested a way to secure the favor of the Pharaoh—through her own beauty and charm. The plan worked, but God punished Pharaoh for desiring Sarah, and so severely afflicted the king, that he felt justified in reproaching Abram for his duplicity in telling a half-truth about Sarah's relationship to him. The same incident occurred years later—Sarah still being so beautiful and magnetic that Abimelech—shepherd king of Gehar,—appropriated her, was stricken nigh unto death, discovered her relationship to Abram, reproached him for his de-

ceit, at the same time offering the subtle reproof to Sarah of a covering of her eyes, showing that she went about unveiled, as did the Assyrian and Egyptian women.

While they were down in Egypt, Sarah acquired an Egyptian bondwoman, Hagar, said by the Rabbis to be a daughter of Pharaoh. Abram returned to his own land, having acquired great riches, but was childless. The Lord, who came to Abram in a vision, promised seed to the grieving couple. At the second announcement, Sarah—who was past the child-bearing period—laughted in unbelief at such a statement. But later, she was so anxious to see its fulfilment, that she gave her bondwoman, Hagar, to her husband as a concubine, which was a relation peculiar to ancient, oriental life. Hagar, fiercely proud and jealous of both Abram's and Sarah's love and favor, gradually usurped the rightful position of her mistress, and so cruelly goaded and taunted Sarah, that she chastised Hagar who fled to the wilderness. Here Hagar was met by an angel who told her to return to her mistress and submit herself in good part to Sarah, who had a right to expect obedience and respect from her bondwoman.

Sarah was both wise and magnetic. She was proud and self-willed. But when the voice of authority spoke, she was ready to listen. Impulsive, generous, noble, pure, high-principled, broad-minded, and truthful, she was a queen in her own right. Her husband was the greatest character in the Bible, and she was his true mate. Keturah, no doubt, was acquainted with Sarah, and was married to Abram after Hagar's departure.

Hagar's early life, training, and inheritance, we may infer unfitted her to associate on equal terms with the Semites. She was an Egyptian—passionately proud, vindictively jealous, and with a personal ambition that stopped at nothing to gratify itself. Might was right in her country, and love and justice were very elastic terms. One sorrows at her cruel sufferings, but out of her story there is one lasting lesson: the cruelty of selfishness. She and her son possessed quick generosity as to worldly matters, with narrow selfishness that wills to gratify selfish love, selfish hate, or selfish ambition, though all else be lost.

The subsequent events—the birth of Ishmael, the intolerant pride of both Hagar and her son, the birth of Isaac, with the continued abuse of Hagar, and the insolence of Ishmael at the christening of Isaac—all of these are plainly indicated in the story. Does anyone think Abram would have allowed Hagar to go away with her son unless there had been good and sufficient cause? Would the Lord have counseled him to do so, simply to satisfy a demand of Sarah's? The text does not so indicate. The insults heaped upon the child Isaac by his half-brother Ishmael must have been more than mere boyish taunts.

And Sarah said unto Abram, "My wrong be upon thee; I have given my maid into thy bosom; and when she saw that she had conceived, I was despised in her eyes." How significant is this brief paragraph! And again (chap. 21:8): "And the child grew, and was weaned; and Abraham made a great feast the same day that Isaac was weaned. And Sarah saw the son of Hagar, the Egyptian, which she had born unto Abraham, mocking."

Sarah had a noble pride that would both give and take. Hagar's pride allowed her only to give. She would not receive, nor submit, except under compulsion. Their relations to Abraham did not alter their inborn characters, it only permitted the fullest expression thereof. Reverse their positions, if you can, and thus learn the difference. We love Sarah; we pity Hagar. The children of Israel are the children of Sarah. The Bedouins of Arabia are the descendants of Hagar. Sarah was not blameless, nor was Hagar without fault. We love the historian who has set down the plain facts, in this story, helping us to see the cruelty of jealousy and the beauty of submission to authority.

QUESTIONS.

Relate the story of Sarah.

Why was her name changed?

How do we know that she was lovely beyond all women?

Who was Hagar?

What can you say of the Egyptians?

Why did Sarah give Hagar to Abraham?

Who was Ishmael?

What effect does taunting have upon the spirit of one so assailed?

What do you think of the story of Hagar?

How can happiness or peace exist in a home where there is contention and jealousy?

Why do we think Sarah was noble and good?

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN FEBRUARY.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN FEBRUARY.

GENEALOGY.

The moment a person begins his individual record, he is confronted with a number of questions: When was I baptized? When was I appointed to office in the Relief Society? And many other numerous points. Too often the person who is unable to give all this information off-hand, becomes discouraged, and gives the whole matter up. What then shall be done by the class teacher or supervisor?

First—Encourage the person *to write down all she can* in the class. And second—urge her to write and inquire for further information. If it is a baptism date, write to the Bishop of the ward—if born in the Church; write to the parish minister, if christened in the old country. If the endowment date is missing, write to the President of the Temple where the ordinance was performed, *stating exactly what you want.* Always send stamps for reply.

We give a sample letter to help our workers in distant stakes:

Logan, Nov. 9.

DEAR SIR: My name is Mrs. Mary Ann Smith Jones. I was born 20th November, 1869, in Provo. Was baptized in the Fourth ward of that city when I was eight years old; that is, in 1877, so my mother told me. My father's name is Jesse Smith, my mother's name is Mrs. Hannah Allen Smith. Can you give me the exact date, and the name of the elder who officiated in the baptism and in the confirmation ordinances?

I enclose stamps for reply.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am

Yours truly,

Model letter to Parish Clerk:

Parish Clerk of Old South Church,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR: My second great-grandfather, William Young, who married Hannah Healy, of Cambridge, was a worshiper in your church, in 1721. He went from Boston to Barrington, N. H., in 1720-22, was one of the original proprietors of that town, but in all Barrington deeds, he speaks of himself as "of Boston." His children were Elizabeth—who married Elisha Hall—and

Joseph. William later—probably in 1730—moved to Hopkinton, Mass., with his friend Rev. Samuel Barrett of the Old North Church, Boston, taking his wife and two children with him. William died in Hopkinton, in 1749. Can you give any further information from your records? I want date of William's birth, parent's name, and other data. Also birth dates of children, Elizabeth and Joseph, and wish to know if there were other children. Will pay regular rate for searching records.

I enclose stamps for reply.

Thanking you in advance, I am

Yours truly,

When writing to non-"Mormon" church officials, or relatives, it is always better to enclose a blank such as we furnish in this office. In any letters of inquiry, observe the following points:

Give your own full name—never use initials.

Give the full name of the person whose record you wish searched for.

Give dates of birth, marriage, or death of the person, if you have them.

Give birthplace, places of residence of self, or the person desired.

Where possible, add the names and dates of family members, if you desire information concerning their parents.

Practical Class Exercise.—Let each student write an actual or a model letter, asking for information on some point concerning her individual record.

If the Relief Society member has prepared her own sheet, then let her write out her husband's sheet in the same full and careful manner.

This work should preferably be done in the class. Where sheets are left with the person to fill out at home, they are too often forgotten or neglected.

QUESTIONS.

How much can you give of your own data?

What would you do to get missing dates in your record?

Why is it important to get out your own data?

What points would you note always in your letters to bishops, clerks, or ministers?

Why are initials misleading?

What genealogical value is there in the use of your full name, when writing to others for more information?

When writing for information about your parents or grandparents, what plan would you follow?

When your own data is complete, what next will you do?

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

WINTER LANDSCAPE AND SUNSHINE.

Re-read introduction in January Art lesson.

Let each member make for herself what the artists call a "finder," this is a small picture frame of stiff cardboard or pasteboard about 2x3 inches, which should be colored black. With this little frame, you can find many beautiful pictures in nature, that you would not perhaps otherwise notice.

In observing the winter landscape, we are taking a special interest in the color of the sky, the character of clouds, the character and color of the bare trees and brush, and the color of the shadows on the snow. Hold up your picture frame or "finder;" cover up one eye, and look for the lightest thing and the darkest spot in the picture you have selected in your frame.

VALUES.

Which is lighter, the sky or the field of snow?

What color would you use to paint that clump of willows or bushes?

You could not paint the snow correctly with pure white. What color would you mix with white to show the effect of sunlight on the snow? (The answer might be yellow.)

What color would you use to make the shadows on the snow?

FEBRUARY TWILIGHT.

a. What is the length of duration of the winter twilight?

b. Describe winter twilight on a lake or river bank, or a twilight scene from your own window.

c. Tell what object in that picture makes the darkest note, and which the lightest note.

d. Every window should frame a picture. Does yours at twilight?

e. At what time of day is the snow-covered ground darker than the sky? (Half close the eyes and look through the lashes to discover this.)

WINTER WALK.

Let the members take in little groups, or singly as seems best, a winter walk to observe and enjoy winter landscape. Take with you the "finder" and make a search for pictures along your path, and report the same at the Art lesson.

LESSON ON ARCHITECTURE.

a. Quick review of January lesson in Architecture from *Devotees and Their Shrines,* pages 120-22.
b. New lesson, from pages 122 to 124.
   1. The Transition to the Renaissance.
   2. Elizabethan style.
   3. The Jacobean style.

Questions:
   a. Describe the Transition to the Renaissance.
   b. Describe the Renaissance movement. (Note page 123.) (Also consult Dictionary and Encyclopedia.)
   c. What are the Classic Orders?
   d. Describe the Elizabethan style. (Figure 3, Montacute House.)

LESSON I.

Home Economics.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME.

FOURTH WEEK, FEBRUARY.

The "Mormon" Conception of the Home.

Unlike other peoples, the Latter-day Saints believe that the home upon earth is patterned after the home in heaven. Paul says that things earthly are a type of things heavenly. In the righteous home, the husband and father presides by reason of his superior wisdom and virtue. The wife and mother stands shoulder to shoulder with him, while the children repeat their virtues and their teachings.

Ideals of the Christian Family.

Mortal life is one of the grandest privileges granted by our Father. To have the opportunity of gradual development, of growth, of achievement, this is one of the supreme gifts of God to his children.

Mortal life is a preparatory school for the spirit. The body may be compared to the four walls in which we learn our lessons. These walls confine our spirits, limit our powers, and check the full expression of our wills; happily so. For without these confining walls, we would be powerless to react, unable to learn the full lesson of faith, unselfish love and strict obedience to law.

The Family Circle.

Race suicide, and its twin sister—prevention of child-bearing, through so-called harmless methods, has no place in the heavenly

plan for our human homes. Men and women who know not God can be excused, perhaps, for maintaining childless homes. But true Christians, and Latter-day Saints are the truest of all Christians, cannot acquiesce in any doctrine or practice which sanctions marriage and allows restriction of offspring. God only is the arbiter of life and death. If a man take his own life he cuts himself off from the presence of God. Why not also declare that the woman who prevents birth cuts herself off from all hope of eternal exaltation? The greatest modern sin is the limiting of offspring for selfish purposes. This sin is denounced in the book of Jasher, an ex-canonical book, as one of the prime causes of the deluge.

Love and Service.

The foundation of all joy and all happiness, is to love and to serve. If we love truly, we will want to serve. The joy of service is the keenest delight the heart ever knows. To acquire money, knowledge or fame, gives a certain crude pleasure; but to be of service, to administer to others, to achieve, this is the supreme happiness, it is God-like.

Obedience to the Laws of Health.

God thought so much of health that he inspired Moses to write a whole code of laws governing the minutest point of daily action for the children of Israel. He taught them the strictest cleanliness, bade them burn infected clothing, whitewash houses, cleanse all vessels, and made personal cleanliness a part of their ceremonial rituals. Modern teachers and physicians have but emphasized, and clothed in simple terms, the restrictions of Moses. The Word of Wisdom, and the 123-126 verses of the 88th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, restate these laws.

Physical Virtues.

Virtue is generally its own reward. As a rule, those who keep the laws of health will be strong and well. There is one point, however, to consider; there may be many laws of which we are ignorant as well as the few we know. We may be breaking some unknown physical law even if we are keeping all the known laws. So that, after all, we are dependent on our Father's mercy, not only for life and breath, but also for what measure of health we may enjoy from time to time. However, we should keep the laws we know, that we may not suffer the consequences of willful disobedience. God may and does overrule our ignorant disobedience, but he is not so merciful to deliberate disobedience.

Longevity.

Most men crave long life. Simple food, with a good variety, plenty of sleep, obedience to the laws of the gospel, the day well

measured as to work and play, a mind free from corroding worry—these may insure long years of useful life. A prolonged age is not an unmixed blessing. If elderly people are happily engaged in the rejuvenating labors of the temple, or in useful service to mankind, the years may flow on to the century mark. But idle and complaining old age has but one apparent blessing, the discipline of spirit for younger members of the family.

Improvements of Home Life.

The wise mother wil lendeavor to adjust herself to the lightning changes of modern times. But as old habits are broken up and new ideals emerge from the day's problems, she will scan closely the relations of the changing customs to the rock of revelation and to the revealed forms of religion. Above all things the mother of tomorrow must be adaptable, able to seize the best of today, while losing none of the priceless things of yesterday. Truth is ever the same; but there are so many ways of seeing and presenting truth that the wise mother and grandmother will search constantly for the new word, the modern phrase, the up-to-date illustration with which to clothe her eternal truth, her everlasting principles of virtue and holiness. Truth, loyalty and integrity, these are the pillars of the home, the foundations of society, here and hereafter.

We need stricter obedience to the laws of cleanliness, to the Word of Wisdom, and to the laws of Moses as taught in modern hygiene, and the Doctrine and Covenants. We need constant watchfulness on the part of parents, for the protection of childhood from the moral contamination of modern conditions. We need constant emphasis placed on the importance of the spiritual laws of our own religion. That which parents love to do, children usually enjoy doing also. We need more loyal affection and reverence shown by mothers to fathers, by children to parents, and by fathers to the presiding priesthood. We should cultivate a strict adherence to the teachings of our pioneer fathers and mothers, while remembering to honor their lives and memories.

QUESTIONS.

What are the teachings of the Church concerning the home?

What do you consider one of the greatest gifts of God to his children?

What have you taught your daughters about bearing their children?

Are women ever justified in refusing to have children?

Who are the healthiest women in your community, and how many children have they brought into the world?

What brings the greatest joy to the human soul?

What is the meaning of love?

When do we serve best?

What book in the Bible contains the laws of health as taught by Moses?

What are the foundation principles of the home?

Outlines of Guide Lessons for 1916.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

1. Eve.
2. Sarah, Hagar.
3. Rebecca, Rachel, Leah.
4. Deborah, Huldah, Miriam.
5. Ruth.
6. Esther.
7. Jezebel, Delilah, Witch of Endor.
8. Minor characters of the Old Testament: Potiphar's wife, Pharaoh's daughter, Keturah, Aseneth, Hannah, Michal, Abigail, Mizpah.
9. New Testament women: Anna, Elizabeth, Mary and Martha.
10. Mary, the mother of Jesus.

OUTLINES FOR GENEALOGY, 1916.

January—Prepare Individual Sheets. How to write genealogical letters.

February—Secure members for the Genealogical Society of Utah.

March—Each Relief Society member required to prepare sheets for each member of her family. How to arrange excursions to the Temples.

April—Family Associations. Each woman should attend Temple service at least one week during the year in her district.

May—Linking the Present to the Past.

June—Review of Genealogical Needs.

July.

August.

September—Introduction to Surnames. Why surnames were taken.

October—Tribal Names.

November—Sire Names.

December—Surnames from Legends, Totem Surnames.

ARCHITECTURE OUTLINES FOR 1916.

February.

a. The Transition to the Renaissance.
b. Elizabethan style.
c. Jacobean style.

March.

a. Artistic gardening. Leila M. Allen—*Devotees and their Shrines,* pages 144-149.
b. The Dear Old Garden, Dr. Emmeline B. Wells.

April.

a. Classic Period.
b. The Classic Revivals.
c. The Victorian Gothic.

May.

Architecture in the United States.
a. The Formative Period.
b. The Colonial or Georgian Period.

June.

a. The early Republican Period.
b. The Revivals.

September.

a. The War Period.
b. The Modern Movement.

October.

a. Examples of Recent Architecture.

November.

a. Exhibition of pictures of beautiful architecture. (Give name of architects, if possible.)

December.

a. Discuss architecture of the recent Fair at San Francisco, and show pictures of the same. Make a special point of the balance and harmony used in the placing of the buildings.

ART OUTLINES.

March.

a. Melting and freezing weather.
b. Wind and rain.

April.

a. Soaking wet Spring day, colors and values.
b. Dry Spring day, colors and values.
c. Spring blossoms and winter's snow.
d. Out of door party.

May.

The May or June walk to note Spring colors and values.
Study of fields.

June.

Summer day, Balmy weather, Summer twilight.

September.

Approach of Fall Indian Summer haze.
Fall twilight.

October.

Out of door Autumn party.

November.

Wet day, foggy weather, purple of bare branches.

December.

Skating scenes.

HOME ECONOMICS.

I. The Modern Home.
II. The Latter-day Saint Home.
III. Home-making as a Profession.
    a. The home as an economic institution.
IV. The Business Side of Home-making.
V. The Household Budget and Its Application to Us.
    a. Standards of living.
VI. Organization of Housework.
    a. Hygiene of housework.
VII. Household Wastes and How to Prevent Them.
VIII. Co-operative Housekeeping.
IX. The Servant Problem.
X. The Home Economics Movement and Its Meaning.

Note: The first two lessons may be studied and given in the form of lectures by some one capable of doing so. Two or more societies could unite where possible and secure an outside lecturer. It is difficult to prescribe a cure for any condition unless the cause is known, and its development of the present family life is most interesting.

Introspection.

Dear Angel,—of years, write me two score and ten.
Now, of deeds good or ill, what sayest thy pen?
My record—which greater, the gain or the loss?
Of which am I reaping, the gold or the dross?

In the springtime of life did I fully prepare
The soil of my soul gospel fruitage to bear?
And though seed time came late, have I labored the more
To cultivate, weed, and thus add to my store?

Am I learning the rules of life's lesson aright,
Or turning the page where 'tis hardest to fight?
Have I learned that through conflict our powers increase?
That for what we toil hardest, our love will ne'er cease?

Do I thank God, not only for what He bestows,
But for what He withholds? For most surely He knows
Of which portion to give for this weakness, that pain—
Which if taken in meekness will prove for my gain.

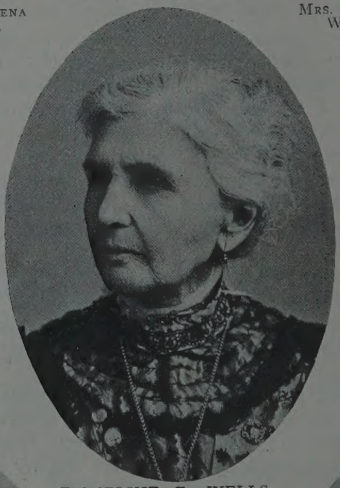
O Father, Thou knowest my yearnings and fears;
To Thee, too, are known all my pleadings and tears;
E'en my innermost thoughts are all known unto Thee,
O help me, dear Father, thy true Saint to be!

NELLIE BEECRAFT.

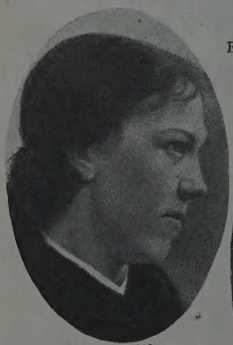
OGDEN, UTAH.

MRS. ISABEL MODALENA WHITNEY-SEARS

MRS. MELVINA CAROLINE WHITNEY-WOODS.



EMMELINE B. WELLS



EMMELINE WELLS.

ELIZABETH ANN WELLS-CANNON

LOUISA MARTHA WELLS.

PRES. EMMELINE B. WELLS AND HER FIVE DAUGHTERS.